

MARCH 5, 1956

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

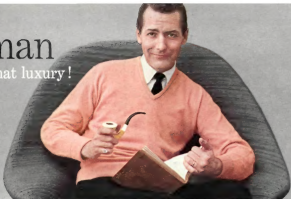
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SPRING TRAINING

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE
DREAM CARS IN COLOR

man
what luxury!



boy
what performance!



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COVER: SPRING TRAINING

Photographed by Mark Kauffman

The leaping outfielders shown on this week's cover are acting out a charade that is as old as spring training itself. But in taking this picture of (left to right) Bill Virden, Harry Elliott (now with San Diego), Rip Repulski, Wally Moon and Stan Musial at the St. Louis Cardinals' camp in St. Petersburg, Mark Kauffman was careful to include the other principals in this annual ritual: the photographers themselves. For Gerald Holland's story of how the Cards picked camp, see page 21.

Additional photos on page 43

An SI Special

21 BASEBALL BLOOMS IN THE SOUTHLAND

Come March, an annual ritual is performed in the sunny baseball parks of Florida and Arizona. The 16 major league clubs regroup, and even the laziest have only hopes of a pennant. MARK KAUFFMAN captures the scene IN COLOR (pages 17-20), and GERALD HOLLAND describes the euphoria that grips even the wisest old heads (page 21)

22 NEEDLES AND THE 3-YEAR-OLDS

It took just one of the first major test for Kentucky Derby hopefuls, and Whitcomb Towles reports how a home-grown favorite ran off with it. At Santa Anita, Swaps stayed in his stall while Bobby Brunsen won the Big Race. JAMES MURRAY tells how it happened

24 BASEBALL, PART II: THE HAPPY SERF

For persons in modern society are so economically exploited as the professional ballplayer, but he isn't complaining much. ROBERT COTTERMAN reports in the concluding chapter of his inquiry into big-league management

25 SEA SHELLS BY THE SEASHORE

Of the billions of shells that are washed up on the world's beaches each year, only a few are worth saving. With a sampling of the rarest and loveliest collector's items yet found, photographed IN COLOR by GENE FYLE

41 SALUTE TO SPEED

After seven days of frustration, Daytona's classic week erupted in produce a triple-crossed hero, and now fast in a surprising sports car feed and set a two-up hot-red sub on fire. KENNETH HUGHES tells the story, with full results of the NASCAR trials

42 TOMORROW'S DREAM CARS TODAY

Once upon a time Detroit automobile manufacturers hid their cars of the future in secret back rooms. Today they exhibit them proudly. NORMAN E. NICHOLSON tells the story, with four pages of photographs IN COLOR by JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

50 MAN OF LEISURE—17TH CENTURY STYLE

He liked games as much as his counterpart today, a fact his finest pictures were only too pleased to record. Here with some remaking and fashionable reproductions IN COLOR

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10 **Tip from the Top:** AL COLLINS cautions the high-handicap golfer who tries to do in one putt what he should do in two

34 **Basketball:** BOY TERRELL reports the week started out peacefully enough, but then came Saturday night and all sorts of mischief cropped up on the college range

50 **Ski Tip:** FREDERICK PRUEFER warns of the dangers of avalanches and offers some timely tips on spotting the conditions from which they develop

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE GREATEST BULLFIGHT IN A DECADE

At Maracay in Venezuela last Sunday Luis Miguel Dominguez, the old master, competed against Cesar Giron, the young challenger, in a two-man program that paralleled the historic fight in 1947 in which Manzanillo was killed. The bulls were good, and Dominguez and Giron were great. The story is told by Rafael Delgado Lozano, with photographs by Mark Kauffman

PLUS: THE MARVELOUS MERCEDES IN COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS AND DIAGRAMS AND ROBERT CREAMER'S FIRST WEEKLY BASEBALL REPORT FROM FLORIDA

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



John Haines, University of Pennsylvania sprinter who is undefeated in championship 50s (four AAU and three ICA titles), became first man in 35-year ICA history to the world record (8.1), establishing mark in semifinal and final.



Frank McKinnor Jr., 17-year-old son of former National Democratic Chairman, and U.S. Olympic hope, set 38.4 scholastic short-course record for 100-yard freestyle at Villanova, Pa. Frank attends Indianapolis' Cathedral High.

RECORD BREAKERS

Dawn Fraser, 18-year-old Australian 100, stalked up on four sugar-coated doughnuts, entered North Sydney 50-yard pool and broke world's oldest swimming record (1:4.6 100-meter women's freestyle mark set in 1896) with 1:4.8 clocking (Feb. 23). That was all the more remarkable because she swam 118 yards—23 inches farther than required length. Dawn came back like thunder at week's end to better two more world's freestyle standards, covering 166 meters in 2:20.4 and 228 yards in 3:02.2 (Feb. 25).

Jim Gellinder, Northwestern sprinter, barreled 68 yards in six seconds flat at Madison, Wis. for world's indoor dirt track record, a mark which had long been as fugitive as four-o'clock mile (Feb. 23).

Al Wiggins, strapping Ohio State junior, swam 208-yard individual medley in 2:58.2 at Columbus for American record (Feb. 25).

TRACK AND FIELD

Manhattan, parlaying depth and balance, offset runner-up Villanova's five fests to defend successfully their ICA title at New York 36-34. Meet kinged on two-mile, where Manhattan's Bob Sharma, figured no better than third, stormed up behind George King to take second, ex-lovered Alan Brookbridge of Villanova falling back to fourth. Ron Delany, the righteous Irishman, for whom "winning is the flag," and slow clocking no six, accomplished both again in 4:11.4 mile. Annie Rowell, running easy as water, took 1,000 and anchored

victorious Pitt two-mile relay team to meet-record 7:40. Among other meet record breakers: Albert Hall of Cornell in 50-pound weight throw (62 feet 4½ inches); Villanova's Don Bragg in pole vault (15 feet 2 inches) and King (9:47).

BOXING

Archie Moore, binky (197 pounds) light heavyweight champion, trounced after backward-rolling Howard King at San Francisco to score easy win in first heat since Rocky Marciano knocked him and his Sweet Science textbook for a loop last September.

Ben Gress, 71-year-old British referee who gifted Peter Wasmann with bizarre decision over Kid Gavilan (81, Feb. 26), had his license revoked by Britain's Boxing Board of Control. Result will remain on record, however.

Youth shed up boxing's infirm frame with lively doings during week. Rising 24-year-old Heavyweight Johnny Sauerstein beat Young Jack Johnson at Los Angeles; in Boston 141-pound Walt Byars, 21, befuddled Rookie of Year Bobby Murphy, handing him first loss; 161-pound Roy Calhoun, 21, remained unbeaten, TKO'ing Angelo DeLuca at New York; Lightweight Ralph Dupas, 28, split-decisioned Boazie Khalil in New Orleans.

HORSE RACING

Needles, making most of five-pound weight allowance scored Florida-bred horses, stepped out in stretch under light

striking by Jackey Dave Kib to win \$148,800 Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah by 2½ lengths (see page 42).

Johnny Longden took Bobby Briscoe to front early, let him gullup on top for remainder of 1½ miles in \$135,000 Santa Anita Handicap to lousy six-length victory. Swaps was scratched because of off track and Social Outcast, a distant seventh, obviously didn't run his race (see page 43).

GOLF

Ted Kroll, Fort Lauderdale pro, put four sub-par rounds together for 70-hole total of 277 and first money in \$68,000 Houston Open, his second victory on winter circuit. Kroll's only near mishap occurred on 71st hole when his approach shot was long, but ball hit spectator and bounced back to edge of green. Mused Kroll: "When you get lucky, you get lucky."

Betsy Rawls, playing out of Spartanburg, S.C., faltered on final round but her putter stayed hot enough to enable her to win Babe Zaharias Custer Patti tournament at Sarasota with 291.

AUTO RACING

Tim Flock drove 1956 Chrysler 300B through frigid rain at average speed of 80.83 mph to win 149-mile NASCAR grand national championship, out to 152 miles when tide microchut upon Daytona Beach racing strip. Two laps were run under yellow flag because of rain-soaked track-up (see page 44).

FOCUS ON THE DEED



ARCTIC weather, which has kept British race tracks frozen for weeks, forces trainers to exercise their strings at the mushers where the sand makes for easy going underfoot.



ANTARCTIC Explorer Dave Collier tells penguins of 1956 Olympics at Melbourne.



Ulf Schmidt, 23-year-old Swedish top jumper, defeated favored countrymen Eves Davidson 6-1, 6-2, 3-10, 6-4 to win National Indoor Tennis championships at New York and serve further bloom on USLTA officials.



George Eastman guided his 55-year-old Manhattan College track team to their fifth ICAA title in last six years and permanent possession of the big silver loving cup which stands for eastern collegiate indoor track supremacy.



Bob Pettit, 4-foot-9 inch St. Louis Hawks forward, scored 115 points in his last three games to take over NBA scoring lead from Paul Arizin and boost Hawks' bid for Western Division cellar into second place and playoff contention.

BASKETBALL

Philadelphia Warriors strengthened their commanding lead in NBA Eastern Division with only one loss during week, that to hapless N.Y. Knicks who have dropped six of their last seven. Western Division was shuffled, St. Louis moving into second, Minneapolis dropping to third and Rochester to last place. Fort Wayne's top position was weakened but they still appear a shoo-in for title.

SKIING

Antti Hyvärinen, Finland's Olympic champion, took special jump event at Oslo's Holmenkollen Festival with leaps of 228 and 231 feet before crowd of 90,000.

HOCKEY

Montreal's Les Canadiens ended Detroit's seven-year dynasty as NHL champions, clinching league title with 5-1 rout of Red Wings at Montreal Forum.

TENNIS

Reginald Weil of New York defeated Ed Taniguchi 5-7, 6-3, 6-1 to win National Indoor senior division title at New York, become first Negro to take a national championship sponsored by USLTA.

MILEPOST

Shakers—Katy Rodolph, 22, Olympic skater, and Air Force Lieut. William Wyatt, 28, at Las Vegas. Bride wore plaster casts as result of neck and knee fractures received in pre-Olympic practice run.

FOR THE RECORD

HOCKEY

(NHL, Boston leaves)

1. Montreal #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	2. New York #1-2 Pts.: 40	3. Detroit #1-1 Pts.: 40	
4. St. Louis #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	5. Chicago #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	6. Toronto #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
7. Philadelphia #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	8. Boston #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	9. Washington #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
10. New York #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	11. Pittsburgh #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	12. St. Louis #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
13. Detroit #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	14. Chicago #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	15. Toronto #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
16. Philadelphia #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	17. Boston #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	18. Washington #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
19. New York #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	20. Pittsburgh #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	21. St. Louis #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
22. Detroit #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	23. Chicago #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	24. Toronto #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
25. Philadelphia #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	26. Boston #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	27. Washington #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
28. New York #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	29. Pittsburgh #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	30. St. Louis #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
31. Detroit #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	32. Chicago #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	33. Toronto #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
34. Philadelphia #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	35. Boston #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	36. Washington #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
37. New York #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	38. Pittsburgh #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	39. St. Louis #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
40. Detroit #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	41. Chicago #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	42. Toronto #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
43. Philadelphia #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	44. Boston #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	45. Washington #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
46. New York #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	47. Pittsburgh #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	48. St. Louis #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
49. Detroit #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	50. Chicago #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	51. Toronto #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
52. Philadelphia #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	53. Boston #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	54. Washington #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
55. New York #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	56. Pittsburgh #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	57. St. Louis #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
58. Detroit #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	59. Chicago #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	60. Toronto #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
61. Philadelphia #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	62. Boston #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	63. Washington #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
64. New York #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	65. Pittsburgh #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	66. St. Louis #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
67. Detroit #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	68. Chicago #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	69. Toronto #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
70. Philadelphia #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	71. Boston #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	72. Washington #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
73. New York #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	74. Pittsburgh #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	75. St. Louis #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
76. Detroit #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	77. Chicago #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	78. Toronto #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
79. Philadelphia #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	80. Boston #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	81. Washington #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
82. New York #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	83. Pittsburgh #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	84. St. Louis #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
85. Detroit #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	86. Chicago #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	87. Toronto #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
88. Philadelphia #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	89. Boston #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	90. Washington #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
91. New York #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	92. Pittsburgh #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	93. St. Louis #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
94. Detroit #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	95. Chicago #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	96. Toronto #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	
97. Philadelphia #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	98. Boston #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	99. Washington #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40	100. New York #1-10, 1-11; T-10 Pts.: 40

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JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Questions:

The Newport (R.I.) Casino is the home of the newly established National Tennis Hall of Fame. What five players would you nominate for the Hall of Fame?

F. C. (JACK) REITH, Detroit



General manager
Mercury Division
Ford Motor Co.

"Bill Tilden, Fred Perry, Baron Gottfried von Cramm, Henri Cochet and Don Budge. They added color, prestige and sports-

manship to the game and could come up with terrific performances under dramatic circumstances. Their play and personality gave tennis a worldwide impetus."

NANCY CHAFFEE KINER



Palm Springs, Calif.
Tennis club

"Jack Kramer and Bill Tilden are tops. I never saw Tilden, but at the peak of Kramer's game, no one was better. I also back Bill

Talbot for what he has done for U.S. tennis. Don Budge, the only player to win the grand slam, and Maureen Connolly, who won the women's title at 16."

ALBION H. MAN, Forest Hills, N.Y.



Chairman
USTA Championship
Committee

"First, Bill Tilden, master of all strokes; second, Bill Johnston, who had the greatest forehand; third, Bill Larned, who played the soundest ground game; fourth, Don Budge, the greatest backhand player who ever lived; fifth, Jack Kramer, champion of the net and the booming serve."

JAMES H. VAN ALLEN



Newport, R.I.
President, Newport
Casino

"First, Bill Tilden, the greatest player of all time. He could do everything better than anyone else. Second, Jack Kramer, the greatest net player with the most machine-like play. Third, Sedgman, who had the fastest anticipation. Fourth, Larned, and fifth, Tony Trabert."

JULIAN S. MYRICK, New York



Past president, USTA

"Character and sportsmanship are prime essentials. My first nominee is Bill Johnston, because he combined these qualities with top playing ability. Second is Bill Larned; third, Malcolm D. Whitman; fourth, the Australian, Norman Brookes; fifth, Don Budge, the grand slam winner."

JAMES H. BISHOP, Culver, Ind.



Past president, USTA

"Tennis greats must be judged by the degree they dominated the game. Since 1900, style of game, strategy and strokes have improved. Today's best would beat yesterday's best. My all-time greats—H. L. Doherty, W. A. Larned, Bill Tilden, Rene Lacoste, Don Budge."

BETTY BETZ, New York



Designer/writer for
NEA-2237

"Don Budge is the greatest of them all. He was every possible title and pioneered an aggressive style of backhand and serve. I rank Bill Tilden second, because he dominated tennis for the longest period; Jack Kramer, the perfectionist, third; Rene Lacoste, fourth, and Helen Wills, fifth."

ALEXANDER LEMTY, New York



Industrialist

"In the order of their greatness, Bill Tilden, Don Budge, Jack Kramer, Fred Perry and Pancho Gonzalez. From the looks of the young tennis prospects who are now around, it appears that none of those greats need have any fear of being removed from the list for a long, long time to come."

ALLISON C. WYSONG, Port Washington, N.Y.
Attorney



"I have seven players in mind. First is Theodore Roosevelt Pell, who did much for tennis in the old Newport days; second, Bill Larned; third, Hugh Doberty, singles player of the Doherty brothers; fourth, Bill Tilden; fifth, Don Budge. But Rene Lacoste and Helen Wills deserve inclusion."

FRANK K. SHIELDS, Old Westbury, N.Y.
Chairman, 1955 Davis Cup Committee in America



"Budge, Kramer, Vines, Tilden and Lacoste in the order named. Bill Tilden made the greatest contribution to the game, but he didn't have top competition. Budge, Kramer and Vines would have liked him in his prime. These affairs greatly had controlled speed and Bill admitted it."

WILLIAM G. STRATTON
Governor of Illinois



"Bill Tilden should head any list. Tennis leaves the world over were saddened by his untimely end. Second is Vinny Richards, still the Olympic champion. My other nominees are Budge, Kramer and Vines. If women are eligible, I would certainly include Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills."

NEXT WEEK:

Can Los Angeles support major league baseball?



Their address this weekend is Chicago's Sheraton-Blackstone

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Nowhere in today's market can you find rods the equal of True Temper. Casting ease and fish-landing power are built into these tubular and solid glass rods . . . by craftsmen whose skill has been acquired through years and years of experience. You'll especially appreciate the many True Temper exclusive features. For instance . . .

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Fishing Tackle Division
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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

OFTEN I'm surprised when readers mention names they've learned from SI's masthead. I really shouldn't be. Despite its mildly forbidding character, the masthead is a gathering of highly interesting people who are vital members of the team which produces the magazine. So to many of you the name of the anchor man on our masthead, Advertising



MR. BILL HOLMAN

Director William W. Holman, is perhaps already familiar. It is, of course, a name well known, through long and close association, to hundreds and hundreds of his colleagues in the business and advertising field.

Not long ago Bill left for a much-deserved vacation, which is one way of saying that the advertising in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* reflects a fine state of health for a magazine only 18 months old. Before he went, he cleared his desk and as a last piece of business wrote a memo to our sales staff. It's strictly shop talk, but because of our readers' heartwarming interest in nearly everything about *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, as expressed in countless good wishes for our continuing success, I think you'll enjoy reading it too. For it is almost the best possible kind of success story:

**TO: THE SALES STAFF
FROM: BILL HOLMAN**

Our orders for advertising space on the books for the first half of 1956 as we go into February already exceed what we carried in the first half last year.

The orders in fact this morning's mail exceeded the total for the entire corresponding week a year ago.

Our orders on the books for the second half are double that of this point a year ago.

Our advertisers with high-frequency schedules continue to mount.

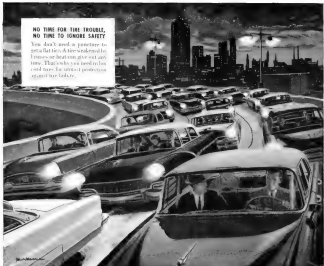
These unmistakable signs of steadily increasing recognition by advertisers are something that you, our editors and our readers can all be proud of.

And with that Bill Holman left on what must certainly be one of his happiest vacations.

Harry Phillips

**NO TIME FOR TIRE TROUBLE,
NO TIME TO IGNORE SAFETY**

You don't need a puncture to get a flat tire. A tire weakened by fraying or heat can give out any time. That's why you need nylon cord tires for utmost protection against tire failure.



IN SITUATIONS LIKE THIS:

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can give you utmost safety
—surest protection
against tire trouble

*Du Pont produces the nylon fiber.
Tire manufacturers make nylon cord tires
—in tubular or conventional types.*



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Watch "Du Pont Combustible Fibers" on Television

For some kinds of driving, ordinary cord tires will meet your needs. But there are too many times when you can't afford to risk tire trouble or ignore tire safety—when you need tires that assure greatest dependability. These are the times you'll be glad you're riding on tires with nylon cords.

You'll find nylon cord tires are very little extra—give you and your family priceless extra protection. See your tire dealer. He'll gladly explain the advantages of nylon.

THE FOUR THINGS A TIRE CORD MUST DO... NYLON CORDS MEET! Nylon gives superior resistance to brake damage, skidding, heat and flex fatigue.

Nylon makes possible a far stronger tire cord than conventional yarns—provides greater safety and durability. Today almost every military and commercial aircraft lands on nylon cord tires; billions of miles of trucking use have proved nylon's superiority.

TIP FROM THE TOP



especially for beginners
and high-handicap golfers

from **AL COLLINS**, *Sleepy Hollow CC, Scarborough-on-Hudson, N.Y.,*
and *Bahamas CC, Nassau*



"Don't forget Durkee's Famous with
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put her in the mood to propose!"

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sauce for almost 100 years.



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Opens and closes instantly—nothing
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There's crisp distinction in the SKYRIDER \$12.95
with sabre edge

THE SEASON: SPRING. The hat: the Stetson Skyrider. The glance: admiring. Meeting your public in this lightweight, pinch-front, snap-brim hat of rich fur felt, you'll feel as smart as you are. The brilliant new Stetson

Sabre Edge completes the superb detail. As with all Stetson Hats, you may have the Skyrider in a score of becoming shades, including the new mezzo-tones, and in various sizes for useful comfort.

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FIRST, think of the lightest, driest beer you ever tasted.

NEXT, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only fine ale can give.

NOW, think of them both together. That's RED CAP—the light-hearted ale! Next time you're thirsty, think—and drink RED CAP, Carling's Red Cap Ale.

I am thinking . . .

so now I'm drinking Red Cap . . .

Carling's **RED CAP** Ale



THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

ADLAI AND THE COACH • THE CASE FOR THE AAU • A SMALL
BOOM IN BILLIARDS • A GREAT NAVY CREW REGROUPS • PLAIN
TALK ABOUT U.S. TENNIS • THE LUCK OF MICKEY McDERMOTT

MONDAY:QUARTERBACK

THE SPORTING VERNACULAR, with its gift for the pungent phrase, tempts more and more politicians, and this week Adlai Stevenson appropriated it to say, in a speech at a Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner in Hartford, Connecticut:

"... and from Washington, Gettysburg and southern plantations we hear the President expressing renewed confidence in his team."

"To put it politely, I must say that the head coach seems to have missed some plays and not be too sure of the score."

THE POOR OLD AAU

SINCE IT SUSPENDED Wes Santee two Sundays ago the Amateur Athletic Union has been showered with criticism. It has been accused of cruel and unusual discipline because it singled out Santee for investigation and punishment while letting other similar offenders go free; of playing into the hands of the Russians by removing our best runner from the Olympics and thus insuring victory for the Soviets (and a Communist propaganda coup); of hypocrisy because it punished an athlete who took money but not the officials who gave it to him; of capriciousness for suddenly enforcing the letter of the amateur law after winking at violations of it for years; and of gross malice in defending the outdated and thoroughly discredited idea of pure amateurism in sport.

Despite the number and quality of the critics—they include Senator Frank Carlson of Kansas and Shirley Povich of the *Washington Post*, sports-writer of intelligence and integrity—emotion seems to have awayed reason. For the most part, the AAU is

being unjustly criticized. Consider:

The AAU singled out Santee for investigation and punishment. Last May Santee received \$480 from the Fresno Relays to cover his expenses, including round-trip fare from Kansas to California. Before returning to Kansas a week or so later, he competed in two other meets for which he also received expenses that included round-trip airline fare from Kansas to California. Even accepting one of Santee's arguments—that a first-class athlete is obliged to spend as high as \$40 a day on expenses—the \$1,200 he received impressed Sportswriter Bruce Lee as an awful lot of money for an amateur to accept. He broke the story in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. His charges were detailed and specific. There was an immediate demand that "somebody do something" about Santee. The group that had to do something was, of course, the AAU. Despite some recent

extravagant talk, no specific charges of accepting exorbitant expense money have been directed at any other athlete.

The AAU is playing into the hands of the Russians by keeping Santee out of the Olympics. The president of the International Olympic Committee (chap by the name of Avery Brundage) informed the president of the AAU last December that even if Santee were to be cleared by the AAU, the evidence already on the record was sufficient to keep him out of the Olympic Games. The precedent for this occurred in 1932 when Finland absolved Paavo Nurmi of well-founded charges of professionalism only to have him barred by the International Amateur Athletic Federation the day before the Games opened. As for propaganda, the AAU's action in suspending its most famous athlete is more likely to reflect in America's favor than against it.

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Juan-Manuel Fangio, Argentina's champion racing driver, may have to cancel out of Sebring, where he was to drive for one of Ferrari's three racing teams. Under the Perón regime, Fangio was allowed to import European racing cars duty-free; Argentina's new government now refuses to release Fangio's passport until he pays back all the duty impost tax which he was exempted by Perón. At the moment he doesn't have that kind of cash on hand.

Vic Wilson, veteran U.S. Davis Cup star who is now 32, is wearing spectacles (for nearsightedness) this indoor season (see page 18). Also, he doubts that he will be available for any foreign cup matches later this year. "I'm working on a proposition for a TV job," he said, "and if I get it, I'd be silly to stay in tennis."

The legendary redheads which have perched jauntily on the St. Louis Cardinals' baseball uniforms for 10, three many years will

be demoted and worn on their sleeves by the time the baseball season gets under way. For a last look at the uniform of the old Gasoline Gang, to be worn through the spring exhibition schedule, see cover.

Texas Tech may soon be admitted to the Southwest Conference after 29 years of trying. SMU has announced that it will change its vote to agree at a conference meeting in May; if four other schools, University of Texas, Texas A&M, Baylor and Texas Christian continue their previous support, Tech will have the five votes needed for admission and thus be the first new addition to the seven-college conference since TCU was accepted in 1922.

Air-conditioned dugout is the latest baseball gimmick now being prepared by the Cincinnati Redlegs. Thermostatic control will keep the dugout cool enough to relieve the players on scorching days but not too cool to risk damaging pitching arms.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 14

The AAU is hypocritical because it punishes the officer but absolves the official. Actually, the most significant thing about the AAU decision was not the banishment of Santee (other great athletes have been barred before), but its denunciation of certain most officials in California and its announced intent to continue the investigation of meet promoters even further. A report of a special committee at the AAU convention last December said in part: "The . . . sponsor who solicits participation of a star athlete . . . and 'persuades' him to do so by payment of exorbitant fees under the guise of 'expenses' must be held legally responsible with the athlete and must be banished from the amateur athletic scene. He is as much the guilty party. . . ."

The AAU's *insistence* is suddenly reflecting the letter of the law after working at it for years. Again, from the committee report at the AAU convention: ". . . Recent developments unmistakably lead to the conclusion that the enforcement of these rules has been lax; and responsibility for this deplorable state of affairs must be shared jointly by athletes, sponsors of athletic events and the AAU itself."

The AAU is a vast, loosely knit organization. Considerable power is wielded by the local districts, which consist principally of unpaid, voluntary, sports enthusiasts. Sometimes local pride and strange ambitions take precedence over strict adherence to amateur rules. Not the least of the committee's December recommendations urged that specific procedures be developed for local AAU districts to follow in order to maintain supervision and control over amateur sport.

The AAU is wise in failing to recognize that pure athletics no longer exists. It is necessary here to recall Avery Brundage's definition of an amateur (from the Latin *amator*): an one who loves sport, rather than an one who is unpaid. The spread of commercialization, which almost destroyed college basketball and has hurt college football, places a premium on skill. The athlete who plays for fun is left in the cold, unwanted except as a spectator.

A letter SI received this week carries the attitude in these words: "I would like to point a warning finger to a group of ruthless and cynical promoters who have robbed us of a priceless common heritage: the ideal and pursuit of sport. The promoters who slipped a few C-notes into Wes Santee's pockets are

deliberately sabotaging for their own selfish purposes one of the Western world's finest ideals: amateur sport.

"What have we lost? An ideal, the ideal of doing something for its own sake, for the fun of it, for the physical and spiritual good to be derived from it. When are we going to realize that those fellows are stealing us blind?"

Shed a sincere tear for the ruined ambitions of Wes Santee but recognize that the AAU's action may be the necessary first step in preventing even worse corruption of amateur ideals.

UP BILLIARDS

THE TRUE BILLIARDS MAN finds it hard to understand why anybody bothers to play any other game. But devoted as they are, the billiards people have been dwindling in number. Or rather, they were dwindling until the 39th National Amateur Invitational Three-Cushion Tournament was concluded at the Denver Athletic Club the other day. That event, attracting 4,000 spectators and producing some of the most exciting competition in years, was immediately hailed by enthusiasts as a sign that a revival of interest was on.

Many of the clubs represented in the tournament reported that they are starting junior branches with expert players giving freely of their time to teach youngsters the game. (In billiards, a youngster is reckoned to be in his late 30s or early 40s.) But at least one of the oldtimers was dubious about the prospect: "Frankly, the game is just too tough for the youngsters. They won't give it the time and concentration that is necessary." A more positive thinker told of the young woman who wandered into the club

looking for her husband, got so interested in the tournament that she saw all 37 matches, then demanded that her husband buy a billiards table for their game room.

As for the tournament itself, it was another triumph for Edward Lee of the New York Athletic Club, who has won all of the 12 national tournaments he has entered. This time, however, he knew he was in a fight. Off his stroke at the start, he nevertheless squeaked through his first five matches, then was upset by 68-year-old Lee Lermer of the Milwaukee Athletic Club, the defending champion, Ed Lee having passed up last year's event. Next day, Ed Lee, playing against Al Young, the Denver Athletic Club champion, still couldn't find his touch, was down 28-20 before he suddenly rallied and piled up such a string of points



that a spectator finally said: "Poor Al must have thought it was raining billiards."

This victory brought Lee up against Richard Michael, Cleveland champion, and Lee shot his way rapidly to a commanding lead. In the late innings, when Michael made a brilliant but futile rally, tension ran so high that a man fell off his seat in the temporary stands, and a woman spectator, a billiards square, cheered loudly. A horrified oldtimer whispered: "What let that Dead End kid in?" The match proceeded with only such properly hushed comments as "By damn, sir, that was brilliant!"

In the playoff match next day, Lee was at his superlative best and although Michael played brilliantly, he simply couldn't keep pace with the New Yorker who has been called "the Ben Hogan of three-cushion billiards." Lee won, 80-28, in the 61st inning.

REUNION AT ANNAPOLIS

NOTHING IN SPORT demands quite such a combination of delicate timing, selfless teamwork and brute strength as intercollegiate rowing. Reassembling an eight-oared crew after its members have split up and gone their various ways in the world would, in most cases, be something like getting the late John L. Sullivan back aboveground and into training again. Nevertheless all members of the United States Naval Academy's rowing team



AIRBORNE

The basketball professional.
A full-type man, appearing,
Leaped high to score a basket
And sailed on through the ceiling.
—ROGER B. PIERCE

of 1952, which whipped the world at the last Olympics, are gathering at Annapolis to start training again this week—a good many of them with wives and children in tow—and every man of them is bursting with the hope that they can make history repeat itself at Melbourne in November.

There is almost no precedent for such an experiment, but what little there is suggests failure—Navy's 1926 crew regrouped in an attempt to qualify for the 1924 Olympics but lost by five heartbreaking feet to Yale. Navy's 1962 Olympic champions, however, are not inclined to think much about the past, one way or another. For one thing, six of them were sophomores when they rowed at Helsinki; they competed with the unbeaten Navy crews of 1953 and 1954 as well, and thus have been away from the Academy for only a year. Ed Stevens, the Olympic stroke, is one of the six—he has not gained a pound, does not drink or smoke and, at 23, feels he can be at the top of his form this summer and fall. And almost all of the 18 returning officers (the Olympic crew and its coxswain, Charles D. Manning, plus eight other oarsmen and a second cox who competed at Navy during the last four years) have kept in constant touch with each other and have been hoping for the chance to try a comeback.

At Annapolis last week, the first arrivals could hardly wait to take a shell out on the water. It was a moment they had been awaiting since 1953, when Olympic Stroke Stevens approached the U.S. Olympic rowing chairman, Clifford (Tip) Goss, and suggested that he and his shellmates try it again in 1956. Goss sold the Navy's high brass on the idea. When Congress passed a law, last spring, authorizing the Armed Forces to train picked servicemen for the Pan-American Games and the Olympics, the crew's comeback was as good as started.

The '52 No. 3 oar, James R. Dunbar, was chosen "social secretary" of the group, and kept the other ex-oarsmen up to date on developments. Last summer the Academy's athletic director, Captain Elliott Loughlin, sent each of the 18 men a letter asking for their "personal desire" in the matter. All 18 wrote back asking for the chance to go into training again. Last fall Stroke Stevens (who was serving on the cruiser *Albatross*, No. 2 Our William Fields (whoard a carrier in the Pacific) and all the rest were ordered to "proceed" in February to the "United States Naval Academy for duty in connection with the Olympic Rowing Team."

Last week, as they began arriving at Annapolis, Navy's outspoken and venerable Coach Rusty Calow regarded them with a mixture of pride and sorrow. Nothing in Calow's career gives him quite the satisfaction of the 1932 Olympics. But was this his Olympic crew? Six of his first-boat men have married since graduation. Who knew, he muttered, what wives and children might have done to them. Who knew, for that matter, what might have happened even to the bachelors—four of whom, he noted with horror, had rented a house in Annapolis, bought a *Beef & Garden* cookbook, and were attempting to make their own meals.



"Weight is the first problem," he said. "I'd say maybe Armour & Co. might be interested in them the way they look now. It's got to come off. A mile a day of roadwork to start with, some callisthenics, a little rowing in the tank. But you can't work 'em too hard at first. Why you could kill 'em by not going into training gradually. Hands are going to be a bad problem. They can soak 'em in alcohol and alum to toughen them, but I'm just hoping it will work. I saw 'em rowing the other day from the bank. They were so tired they couldn't hardly get the boat back into the boathouse. They were puffin' so bad they couldn't hardly get upstairs to the shower room. We'll have a training table. We'll have morning

workouts in February and March. Then, if they can stand it, we'll work 'em twice a day from April on."

It was an odd welcome, but effective. "Meet of us," said Stroke Stevens, with a certain steeliness, "have had an idea this was going to happen and most of us have stayed in shape."

TENNIS GOLDRUMS

A TAXI CAB swooped down on New York's Seventh Regiment Army one day last week to pick up a fare who had just emerged from the National Indoor Tennis Championships. "What's going on in there?" asked the driver as he creased down Park Avenue. "They having an antique show or something?"

It was a good guess. This year's matches were about as interesting as an exhibit of 19th century milk glass. American entries had seldom looked worse. Top-seeded Vic Seixas bowed out in an early round, and after Sweden's Sven Davidson, the 1954 winner, had lost the U.S. championship in an intramural match to his fellow countryman, Ulf Schmidt, one unpleasant conclusion was disturbingly obvious: since Tony Trabert defected to the pros, American amateur tennis has become amateurish indeed.

Billy Talbot, nonplaying, long-suffering captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team, peered through the gloom of the armory—a building better suited for hangings than sport—and silently watched the Swedes lose through their semifinal matches with the last surviving Americans: Gil Shea, a player who

continued on next page



"That Great Wall is certainly the coolest angle."

continued from page 15

personally is supposed to blossom into greatness, and Art Larsen, a fading flower. Looking ahead to the formidable task of recovering the Davis Cup from Australia, Talbert shrugged and spoke frankly: "We've got a hell of a problem," he admitted, "but I'm not pessimistic. It just means we have to work a little harder and get the most out of the old players and do our damndest to bring along the young ones."

Still, unless the American veterans regain the drive of youth, or American youngsters develop the polish of age, the chances of Davis Cup success look slim. In fact, the bigwigs of tennis are scared stiff that America may not even reach the challenge round against Australia. The U.S. will first have to survive the American zone rounds, then knock off the European champs, and from their play last week, Sweden might well beat any team Billy Talbert can put together.

To grow a new crop of stars, the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association announced a program earlier this month that finally gets down to the heart of the problem: kids just aren't playing enough tennis. The Association plans to spend \$60,000 this year convincing youngsters that tennis is no slay game and ranks in prestige with baseball and football, and then teaching them how to play like champions.

No one expects this USLTA program to pay off for three to five years, and next summer the U.S. will have to stand pat with players who have only hovered on the edge of greatness—Ham Richardson, old Vic Seixas, and perhaps Dick Savitt, the Texas oilman, who might be the one big man Talbert needs for the Davis Cup, if he will put sport ahead of business.

For now, at least, all the great names of American tennis are in the past. On pages 6 and 7, HOTBOX presents some informal nominations for the newly organized National Tennis Hall of Fame—Bill Tilden, Don Budge, Jack Kramer, Bill Johnston, Bill Larned, and so on; names that make heady reading. Perhaps some worthy successes will soon be popping bubble gum and winning playground tournaments across the land. Anyway, it is a nice thought.

MICKY'S GREAT DAY

THE TALL, curly-haired young fellow seated at a table in the bar of the Bobby Jones Country Club at Sarasota, Fla. had just posted a score of

106 for an 18-hole round of tournament play. Every now and then somebody would stop at the table and slap him on the back and say, "Nice going, boy!" Or somebody would call out from across the room, "Congratulations, kid!" The grin on the map-of-Ireland face of the big fellow stretched from Ulster to Cork and he kept saying, "How about that? Real good, huh?" Then he would reach across the table and pat the hand of his wife Barbara or hug his 8-year-old daughter Bobby, seated on his lap.

A strange way for a man to behave after a disastrous round of golf? Goltschmoff, who could care less? This was the Early Wynn tournament for hall-players and for charity and this was Maurice (Mickey) McDermott (see page 31), the 35-year-old left-hander who had just been traded from the last-place Washington Senators to the first-place New York Yankees. This was the fellow who had been sweating it out all winter, knowing that he was on the trading block ("It was in all the papers, wasn't it?"), and now had hit the jackpot. "There was no place to go but up," he said, "but we didn't even let ourselves think about the Yankees. When the trade was announced over the radio, I was over at Sunshine Springs where I've been working all winter doing publicity for the water show there and I happened to be passing by the office and this girl stuck her head out of the window and yelled, 'Hey,

Mickey, you been traded to the Yankees!' So I hedged right back at her, 'Get lost!'"

Mrs. McDermott nodded and added her version: "I was at home and this friend of ours, Jimmy Spanos, called and said, 'Did you hear it on the radio?' I said, 'Hear what?' And he said, 'Mickey's been traded to the Yankees!' Well, Jimmy is always playing jokes and so I said, 'Cut it out, Jimmy, I've got things to do.' He said, 'No kidding, call the radio station.' I hung up the phone and before I could pick it up again, there was Mar on the phone and he had called the station and it was true."

She looked at Mickey and he looked at her and they both laughed. "Man," said Mickey, "oh, man." Somebody yelled from the bar, "How's it feel, Mickey?" Mickey held up his hand and made a circle with his thumb and forefinger. "Real good," he called back.

The McDermotts (soon there will be four of them) have just bought a new house in Sarasota and will live there permanently now. Except, of course, during the season when Mickey will probably set up a household in New Jersey. At 27, with a burning fast ball and improving control and a growing disinterest in nightclub cruising and fast fighting with apartmenters, the future looks bright to Mickey McDermott. Of course, his golf game could hardly be worse, but Mickey—or Casey Stengel—care less!

SPECTACLE

THE TRAINING CAMPS

With the usual great cast of stars and rookies, 16 major league clubs start dress rehearsals for another big show

Since it was first thought of more than 70 years ago, baseball's spring training has become an American institution. Today the clubs are almost as closely identified with their training camps as with their own ball parks. For instance, the Cardinals of Busch Stadium in St. Louis are also very much at home at Al Lang Field on the shores of Tampa Bay in St. Petersburg, Florida. It is here, against a misty background of stately palm trees, that Mark Kauffman dramatizes the dual purpose of spring training: to iron out the kinks for the veterans and give the club brass a good hard look at the rookies. These purposes are served in the practice of such tactics as covering first base after a pitch (opposite page) and the other time-honored exercises of the spring, as shown on the pages following. For a report on how the Cardinals pitch camp, see page 23.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN





Reeling ballless across outfield in hot Florida sun, rookies impress the Yankee camp with their hustle





Spiked feet burst through explosion of sandust in sliding pit

Live oaks dripping Spanish moss tower over green fence that
silhouettes Dave Jelly (18) and 19 other hard-running Braves

In practice, grinning Stan Musial dives, misses fly ball (white blur), rolls over laughing





Green light tower rises out of Cardinal bullpen and orderly row of palm trees lines fence beyond bleachers

Newsreel cameramen in colorful sport shirts crowd into batting cage to get shots of Yankee Bill Skowron



IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING

Spirits soar as the 16 big league training camps swing into action, but at St. Petersburg, Frank Lane, the new general manager of the Cardinals, tries very hard to be realistic

by GERALD HOLLAND

THIS IS THE TIME of the clean slate and the fresh start, the soaring spirits and the joyful tidings: Hoffmeister's trick knee is like he never hurt it at all, Fink's sore arm is as good as two years ago when he won 20 games, McShane, the fat catcher, has been dieting all winter and looks like a million. Add it all up, pal, let just a couple of those rookies come through, give us half a break with the pitching, and doesn't it figure we're up there—maybe all the way?

This is the make-believe world of baseball's spring training, and this week in the camps of 16 major league clubs (four in Arizona, 12 in Florida) it was being created all over again. Regardless of how the clubs finished in 1955, there was nothing but high optimism everywhere—even in the camps of the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Washington Senators, last year's tailenders. Listening to the talk, a man might conclude that the second division had been abolished by an act of Congress. Nobody expected to finish there.

It happens every springtime, and nobody expects to it can resist it. Like a farm boy watching the circus posters being plastered on the barn, baseball men begin to feel the excitement long before the big show starts. They feel it in handling a thousand details of arrangement, all the tremendous trifles that must be dealt with before the curtain rises.

Take the St. Louis Cardinals, first club to pitch camp with enough big leaguers on hand to make it more than a rookie school. One recent afternoon Frank Lane, the Cards' new general manager, stood staring out the window of his Busch Stadium office in St. Louis at the last vestige of the winter's biggest snowstorm. An observer might decide, from the scowl on Lane's face, that he was hatching in his mind one of the spectacular trades for which he is celebrated. The observer would be in error. For in a moment Lane turned and, in the crisp, crackling delivery he reserves for his more positive declarations, he dictated the following telegram:

E. C. ROBINSON, CHAIRMAN
ST. PETERSBURG BASEBALL COMMITTEE
ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

AM VERY MUCH DISTURBED TO LEARN THAT CLUBHOUSE STILL WITHOUT HEAT. JUST WHAT CAN WE DO TO PROVIDE HEATING NECESSARY TO PREVENT SAVING LOT OF PLAYERS COMING UP WITH COLDS? CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY HEATING CANNOT BE PROVIDED AS NECESSARY. AM ALSO CONCERNED ABOUT OPEN SPACE BETWEEN SCOREBOARD

AND PALM TREES RIGHT CENTER FIELD FENCE WHICH SHOULD HAVE GREEN CANVAS AS BATTER'S BACKGROUND AS PREVIOUSLY DISCUSSED. APPRECIATE ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, BORNIE. ARRIVING LATE SATURDAY NIGHT BUT 40 PLAYERS WILL BE IN EARLY SUNDAY MORNING. REGARDS,
FRANK C. LANE

The fever was beginning to mount elsewhere. That evening as he was about to sit down to dinner at his home in University City, a suburb of St. Louis, Leo Ward, traveling secretary of the Cardinals, was called to the telephone to take a call from Tularosa, Texas. The following conversation ensued:

"Mr. Ward, this is Charlie Purdie?"

"Charlie who?"

"Charlie Purdie the pitcher? With Ardmore in the Souser State League? You wrote me a letter to report at St. Petersburg?"

"Oh yes, Charlie, how are you? What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Ward, would it be all right for me to take my wife and the baby to camp?"

"Oh, sure, Charlie, that will be all right."

"Well, now, how much money would I get, Mr. Ward?"

"Your salary doesn't start until the season opens, Charlie, but you'll get expense money while you're in training."

"How much would that be, Mr. Ward?"

"Well, Charlie, you get \$6 a day for meals and \$25 a week for incidentals. Do you plan to live at the hotel?"

"We thought we'd live in a motel, Mr. Ward."

"Then you'd get \$4.50 a day allowance for housing, Charlie. In your case, it adds up to \$58.50 a week, Charlie."

"Oh, yeah, Well, then we'll just drive to camp and look for a motel, and shall I call you when I get there, Mr. Ward?"

"Do that, Charlie."

"Okay, I sure do thank you, Mr. Ward."

Putting down the phone, Ward checked his records to refresh his memory and read that Charles Ray Purdie, pitcher, born Sept. 5, 1935, height 6 feet, weight 170, had won 22 games, lost 11, with Ardmore, Oklahoma in 1960, was scheduled this year to advance to Allentown, Pa. in the Class A Eastern League.

Back at the ball park, Butch Yankman, the clubhouse man who started with the Cardinals as battery 30 years ago, saw the last of the trunks containing uniforms and other equipment (the players furnish only their gloves and

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NEEDLES SHOWS THE WAY

Michael Johnson



HORSES IN ORDER of finish at Hialeah are (1) Needle, D & F; (2) Gulf Air, Wending Way; (3) Palace, Caliente; (4) Grand Prix, Mame's Chance; (5) Happy New Year, Mrs. J. B. H. Thorne; (6) Peer's Filly, Fly-Boy; (7) Liberty Son, Caliente; (8) Essex, Jaden; (9) Nell, Mrs. A. Bepko; (10) Man's Man, Natalie Lyons; (11) Toby B. G. Van Dena; (12) Lawless, Brookside; (13) Mark's Hickey, A. Ciba; (14) Barber's Kid, Maine Chance; (15) Stepted Kid, Mrs. B. Otero.

FOR THE 3-YEAR-OLDS

by WHITNEY TOWER

With a mighty finish, the Florida-bred bay ran past many of this year's best colts in their first major test at Hialeah, while a continent away Swaps refused to face the mud at Santa Anita

TWO HORSES crossed the 27th running of the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah last Saturday. Needles was dozing peacefully in his stall. While he was being saddled, he still looked half asleep. But once Jockey Dave Erb was aboard, the good-looking bay colt came alive with a seizure of kicks and bucks to demonstrate that he knew the time for action had arrived and he was ready for it.

Minutes later he had made a near-shambles of this year's first rich (\$148,800) test for 3-year-olds, earning \$111,000 for his owners and establishing himself as the early favorite for the 1966 Kentucky Derby. He did it in characteristic fashion, much the same way as his sire, Fonder, won his races. Next to last out of the gate and 11th after half a mile, he responded to Jockey Erb's urging with one mighty closing run that cleared the track in front of him.

Needles' impressive victory hardly comes as a surprise. For one thing he won six of his 19 races last season, and was voted 3-year-old of the year by the experts on the staff of the *Morning Telegraph* and *Daily Racing Form* (51, Dec. 5). For another assist in the victory you can credit those Florida lawmakers who, some years ago, in a move to stimulate interest in Thoroughbred breeding in Florida, proclaimed that on occasions such as the Flamingo all horse-breds would receive a five-pound weight allowance. Thus, while all 14 of his opponents were burdened down with 122 pounds last Saturday, Needles, conceived in Kentucky but foaled in Florida, skipped around the mile-and-an-eighth Flamingo distance toting only 117 pounds. From now on, unless the present Florida legislative body wants to stir up a war among honest horsemen who come to Florida each year wanting only the chance to win a few hundred thousand dollars without interference from the State House, it should forget the old law in a

hurry. If stimulation for Florida breeders is that important, then why not more races limited only to Florida-bred horses, as California does?

There will be, to be sure, some skeptics around for quite a while ready to argue that Needles would not have won had he been required to carry 122 pounds. And just as ready to argue the point back with them will be his trainer, Hugh Fontaine, who, as he stood beaming in the winner's circle, said, "Sure, I was glad to have that five pounds, but, hell, the way he was running today, it would have made no difference. Actually the extra five pounds might have made him level out better and win by more than 2½ lengths."

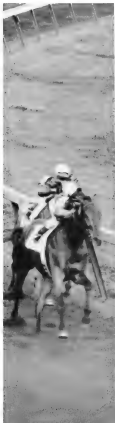
EARLY TRIALS IMPORTANT

Hardly debatable, however, is the significance of early 3-year-old trials like the Flamingo. Only last week, Jimmy Jones, who, along with his father, Ben, has carved out a fabulously successful career as trainer for Calumet Farms, put it this way:

"The transition period between the ages of 2 and 3 is probably the most important period in the career of a race horse. From the one season to the other a horse has the opportunity to develop as nature intended him to, and only when he turns 3 can you get a pretty fair idea of whether he'll be any good or not."

Jimmy Jones, of course, was reflecting the point of view of the professional horseman, but what he said was just the sort of sought-for encouragement that owners of new 3-year-olds were waiting to hear. For, despite the glamour of winning big stakes and bushels of money with a 2-year-old, owners of race horses know just as well as the people who come out to bet on their horses that—with very few exceptions—real racing glory comes only through ownership of a champion

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THE 3-YEAR-OLDS

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3-year-old, a colt who carries his colors to victory in, say, the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness or the Belmont.

Most owners too are fortunately just as aware as the Jones boys that what happened in 1965 won't necessarily happen in 1966; that there is no written law which states an ugly horse cannot outrun a handsome one or that a fashionably bred colt will always prevail over the son of an obscure and all-but-forgotten stallion. This, then, is the time of the racing year for owners to hope.

"If," as one owner said, "a man can't look at his horses in training in February and feel thrilled at the thought that at last this is going to be his greatest winner, then that man hasn't acquired the basic ideals of race-horse ownership."

TOUGH SEASON AHEAD

The season for 3-year-olds is a long and grueling one, and of the roughly 7,000 colts, geldings and fillies who advanced a year in age last January first, only those animals with the utmost soundness, durability and heart will be around to take the bows next fall. Many a "name" in February will have turned into a vague memory or a complete nonentity by November. But the hazing challenge in the months between is the opportunity to race for over half a dozen stakes worth \$100,000 or more each, against the toughest opposition the sport can provide.

Hialeah's Flamingo will not, of course, set the turf world aflame, but it does, for the present, provide a basis from which to start appraising the 1966 crop. Two and a half months ago, when he listed 118 3-year-olds in his Experimental Free Handicap weights, New York and California Handicapper Jimmy Kilroe went on record as saying he could see nothing outstanding about the caliber of the horses he felt obligated to weight. "This doesn't mean," Kilroe hastened to add more recently, "that it won't be a good year. On the contrary, I think it's often the case where a crop of ordinary—or evenly rated horses—will provide for a more interesting and exciting season than if you come up with one, or even two, horses who dominate the scene so completely that people are inclined to forget that there are other horses even running."

There are, for that matter, many fine colts running at the moment, and a few did themselves no discredit at all

in losing to Needles. His runner-up was a field horse named Golf Ace, whose name isn't even to be found on the Experimental list (Kilroe's Experimental ratings are based on his personal judgment of how the previous season's 3-year-olds would do in a theoretical race at a mile and a sixteenth in the fall of their 3-year-old year. It is recognized not only as an appraisal of form by an expert based on 2-year-old performances, but also as a forecast of what may be expected from these same horses when they turn 3.) Actually the race known as the Experimental is run in New York in the spring, and in recent years the horses top-weighted by Kilroe have usually preferred to skip trying its six-furlong distance under handicap conditions in order to concentrate their preparations for the longer distances which will be required of them in the 3-year-old classics.

Behind Golf Ace were a lot of fair prospects about whom more will be heard. There were, for instance, Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham's Gun Shot, a chestnut son of Hyperion; Mrs. J. R. H. Thurston's Happy New Year, whose sire is Bill Prince; and the Belmont Futurity winner Nail, who, if he hasn't decreased in stature by finishing ninth, certainly indicated his ability for going a distance of ground. Also in the Flamingo field were two Calumet colts, Fabius and Liberty Sun (who finished third and seventh respectively). "All I've been hearing down here at Hialeah," said caddy Jimmy Jones the day before the Flamingo, "is that Calumet is loaded. I don't know who started that one, but it just ain't so. We've



THROUGH THE MUD AT SANTA ANITA

got four or five colts that I'd call just nice prospects—Liberty Sun, Fabius, Fastgate may be the best—but it's too early to tell. Horses have to be brought along slowly to go a distance and you'll often discover that when you're about to give up on one, he'll surprise you by developing almost overnight. Ponder was that way. Three weeks before he won the 1948 Kentucky Derby, none of us really believed he was a mile-and-a-quarter horse. But he came along right at the last minute. It was just a case of Ponder showing us he could go a distance, but he took his own sweet time in showing us. Horses won't be hurried in their training. If they've got it, they'll show it to you when they're

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TRIUMPHANT NEEDLES, still full of vim after running nine furlongs, backed out of his winner's circle at Jockey Club this to quiet him before presentation ceremony.



FAVORED BOBBY BROCATO HALLONS TO SIX-LENGTH LEAD OVER TURK'S DELIGHT AT FIRM

THE MUDDLE AT ARCADIA

by JAMES MURRAY

A BARE HOUR and a half before the horses went to the post, the golden Santa Anita Handicap turned to dross last Saturday when California's four-legged favorite son was scratched and a snicky hamstretch all but ruled out the probability of a last-minute winning horse run by Social Outcast. The defection of Swaps and the uncooperativeness of the track surface had the effect of bequeathing the race to a pack of inferior horses, much to the audible dismay of 62,500 fans, the largest Santa Anita Handicap crowd since Citation and Noor contested in 1958.

The race was won by a graduate sprinter with the unshowy name of Bobby Brocato, a 3-year-old who ate Swaps's dust on a dry track only a week before. Actually, the race was over a few jumps from the starting gate. A no-chance 4-year-old who was to be 17 lengths behind the entire field at the finish, Golden Land, leaped into the lead but wilted instantly as jockey Johnny Longden deftly guided Bobby Brocato to the front.

Bobby Brocato, a horse who is a world-beater in mud and a seven-furlong front-runner otherwise (he did beat High Gun in a sprint once), could thank the elements and Longden for his \$87,800 win. Raced five times already this meet, he was expected to be stale until his kind of track came up. The heavy midweek rains which washed Swaps out of the race and Social Outcast out of a chance made the gaudy golden gallop a common

breese for him. His margin—six-lengths—was the widest in the handicap's history.

If Bobby Brocato came out of the gate as though his tail were on fire, Old Bash came out as though he were half-a-mind to return for something he had left behind. As it turned out, he might as well have. He was dead last—the adjective is well taken—all the way to the far turn. He went from 19th to seventh in the last quarter mile, but his stretch run was an untypical slog through virtual molasses.

Meanwhile, Longden was holding his horse together handily and the finish was a yawn. A light-weighted plugger who pulled up lame, Turk's Delight, was second, which gives some idea of the bankruptcy of the race as an improver of the breed. Traffic Judge, the only horse other than Old Bash with a national reputation, failed to live up to it, gasping in 2½ lengths behind Social Outcast.

The most interesting matter of fact about Bobby Brocato was the cast of characters in the winner's circle with him. His owner is the Oklahoma-rich Travis M. Kerr, whose beether is the Oklahoma Senator Robert Kerr. Senator Bob was also on hand for the festivities and probably the votes.

Bobby Brocato was named for the son of the New Orleans restaurateur, Diamond Jim Moran (né Brocato), who lives up to his nickname by wearing diamond-studded teeth and eyeglasses. The horse's breeder is a Las

Vegas gambler named Joe W. Brown who keeps a million dollars in cold cash in the window of his Vegas slot-machine saloon. The horse was bought, with three others, by Kerr for \$150,000.

For fully a third of the huge crowd, Bobby Brocato's leisurely win was a stale biscuit after a week in which the racing appetite was on edge for a proxy meeting between Swaps and Nashua. Social Outcast, who came within a jump of ousting Nashua in the Widener last week, was to be the common denominator by which to gauge the difference between the great rivals. Coming onto a swampy track fresh from a Florida-to-California airplane ride, the Vanderbilt gelding was less a common denominator than a common also-ran.

The California weather spoiled more than a good horse race. It may have spoiled the resolution of the liveliest racing argument in the history of the sport, *i.e.*, is Nashua better than Swaps, or vice versa? Swaps's trainer, Mieh Tenney, went through the motions of entering his horse right up to race time, even to putting the mud sticks on his chestnut colt. But he had fair-warned the track and public the night before that Swaps, short on condition, would not take on a track which saw even the beer-truck-sized Belgian work horses who pull the starting gate sinking back-deep in the mudslide.

What the racing public was hoping for was that Swaps would run and win Saturday, then ship to Florida to challenge Nashua in the Gulfstream Park Handicap on March 17. Trainer Tenney and Owner Rex Ellsworth left the hope alive but breathing with obvious difficulty after they had scratched their horse.

Shipment to Florida of the Ellsworth string is still dependent on the showing of their 3-year-olds in this week's Santa Anita Derby. As uneven as the rest of the derby candidates in the barns at Santa Anita this winter, they are a ragged lot right now, but one—a full beether to Swaps named Like Magic—occasionally but not habitually shows a family trait of speed.

"It is too soon yet to say anything definite about Swaps's future plans," Ellsworth admitted after the race. One possibility which will depress avid fans of both Swaps and Nashua: Swaps may remain at Santa Anita for the closing-day mile-and-three-quarter feature on the grass track, the San Juan Capistrano. This will effectively rule out Swaps's running in Florida—or anywhere else for that matter—seven days later. (C.M.)



A DUEL ON THE SEA

**ON the coast of Florida, baseball's Ted Williams
and golf's Sam Snead sail forth in a fight for fish**

TED WILLIAMS, the finest natural hitter in baseball, and Sam Snead, the finest natural hitter in golf, got around to settling a long-standing dispute: Who is the better fisherman? The wrangle began when Williams returned from Korea to hear that Snead, Williams' partner in a tackle company, had set the record for the biggest bonefish ever caught on a 12-pound test line. Williams quipped, "Why I've caught more fish than Sam has missed short putts." To back up his claim, Williams challenged Snead to a two-day sailfishing contest. Last month, working from separate boats off West



ONE FOR THE HAT *An mullie, that bit leaps from the water in an attempt to shake free from Fisherman Sneed.*

Palm Beach, Williams and Sneed fought their "grudge match." On the first morning Williams caught one sail, but Sneed landed two in the afternoon to take the lead. "Say, Bush," inquired Sam that night, addressing his partner with his favorite epithet, "why don't you hit to left field?" Early in the second day, Sneed caught three more to take a 5-3 lead. In the late afternoon, Ted came on fast when he hooked sails on two rods (abov) and landed them while Sam watched from his boat. But that was the ball game. The score: Sneed 5, Williams 3; or, to put it Sam's way: Sneed 2 up.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HE PINKIN



ONE MAN'S ESPERANTO

ONE of the ranking gypsies in the peripatetic world of golf is Paul Hahn, a young, high-g geared, personable ex-circuit pro who is generally regarded as the greatest trick-shot golfer since Joe Kirkwood, the Australian who founded the profession. A few months ago, after having previously restricted his travels to Hawaii, the Caribbean countries and 45 of the 48 states, Hahn undertook his first large-scale international exhibition tour. Embarking and disembarking from airplanes at an almost Dalesian tempo, Hahn gave exhibitions on four continents within the space of 60 days in the course of fulfilling one-day stands before golfing enthusiasts in such diverse climes as Vancouver, London, Carroussel, The Hague, St. Cloud (outside of Paris), Rome, Cairo, Bagdad, Bangkok, Hong Kong (where he performed in the shadow of Red China), Nagoya (Japan), Manila and Guam. "I discovered no one is exaggerating when they claim golf is an international language," Hahn says. "I played on all sorts of courses with all kinds of caddies but, as Bob Hope put it, I never left home."

JAPANESE GIRL CADDIE carries a shoulder bag containing a mixture of dirt, grass seed and fertilizer with which she is instantly able to refill all of course's divot holes.



Hahn performs his stuff in a setting



AT ROYAL BAGDAD GOLF CLUB,
a handsome young native boy caddie



THAT HAS ALL THE HALLMARKS OF HAPPY HOBBLING IS IN REALITY THE HONG KONG GOLF CLUB LOCATED ONLY THREE MILES FROM RED CHINA.



with Hahn's personal golf bag receives a jubilant rifting from his fellow caddies. Bag weighs nearly-breaking 50 pounds, holds 24 assorted orthodox and trick clubs.



AT ROME'S Trevi Fountain, Hahn successfully pitches three golf balls instead of traditional coins.

BASEBALL'S HAPPY SERF: THE PLAYER

by ROBERT COUGHLAN

Whether he's a bonus baby or just plain eager, he's hog-tied from the signing of his first contract to the day he is let go. But in a big business, he's become a businessman too

MY WIFE and I will be married 50 years in March this year," Paul Krichell said. "That gives you an idea how old I am. I been all my life in baseball." The chief scout of the Yankees sat at his neat little desk in the back-stage entrance of Yankee Stadium and remembered: "When I was a punk kid catching semipro ball in the Bronx, one day a stranger was waiting for me outside the gate. He spoke to me, 'How would you like to go to Hartford?' I didn't wait, not in those days. I said, 'When does the next train leave?' Hell, this was my chance to move up, my chance for opportunity, and nobody had to offer me anything to make my mind up. But now..."

He waved his hands in a gesture that took in what was too much to be put into words. "Now with the club it's win, win, win! And with the players, it's nothing but 'How much?'"

If one had to engrave a summary of modern baseball on the head of a pin, these two sentences could serve to condense the most in the least. As described in 81 last week, big league baseball has become a big industry, with the average team and its supporting organization representing a capital commitment of around \$9 or \$10 million. That amount of money demands a commensurately big income if there is to be any profit. And income, although stadium location, concessions, TV arrangements and several other factors are important, depends finally on the win-loss record. Except in exceptional and temporary cases, a losing team loses money. Therefore, as Krichell says, it's win, win, win!

Since the only way anyone has

thought of so far to win games is to put good players on the field (baseball has its own "gamestrophy," but that's another matter) and since players good enough for big league competition are never plentiful, competition to possess them has grown fiercer in spite with the growing investments that have to be protected. The players' response is a perfectly natural one. However well they may like the sport as such, the commercial emphasis that surrounds it—with breweries fighting fang and claw to sign TV sponsorship contracts, circus stunts in the infield and all the rest of it—has made them serious students of the baseball business. "Most of them know the business facts of life well—too damn well," says one disenchanted general manager. Another official adds, "If there's been one big change in the majors in the last 20 years, it's been the ballplayer's ability to take care of himself in the business world." To alter Philip Wrigley's well-known aphorism slightly from the players' point of view, baseball is not too much of a sport to be a business.

THE FOUR HUNDRED OF \$\$\$

At a given time in the major leagues, there are 400 of these players, 25 to a club, the aristocracy of a social, professional and financial pecking order reaching from Open Classification to D and encompassing nearly 5,000 players. These 400 share a payroll of around \$5 million, which means average pay of about \$12,500 for seven months' work a year. Taking a comparable group of similar age and intellectual attainments, it would be hard to find any trade or profession that pays so well.

And the opportunities for advancement are splendid. A rookie brought on to a team for as little as \$6,000, the minimum wage standard in the majors, can shoot up to \$20,000 or \$30,000 in no time if he has the ability; and if he is a genius, like Ted Williams, he will move on into the area of \$100,000.

Owners are in a constant fret about these high rates of pay. Every year, especially around contract-signing time, there are mutterings that the avarice of the modern player is insupportable and will send the clubs into bankruptcy. What did Larry Laporte get? \$5,000. How about Christy Mathewson and Bruce Wagner? \$10,000 at their peaks. After seven consecutive batting championships, what did Ty Cobb earn? \$15,000. Who does Ted Williams think he is?

The sympathy, however, would be entirely misplaced. For the fact is that the salaries of the players, upon whom everything depends, are far smaller in relation to total baseball income and expense than they used to be, and the decline has been consistent through the years. Toward the beginning of the century, team salaries amounted for some 50% of major league expenses. By 1929 they were at 33.3%; by 1949 at 32.4%; by 1950 they were approaching 20%; and they are in that area today. How can this be? The answer is that club income has increased vastly, and that expenses necessary to the swelling scope of business operations have increased too. A certain small fraction of the bigger expense reflects the growth of owners' not entirely selfless interest in the comfort and psychological surprise of the players. The teams now stay in line



LOOK OF A ROOKIE getting major leaguer's accolade of northern warmth at spring camp was eternally symbolized in 1948 by Bostes's Mickey McDermott, now a Yankee pitcher.

hotels, for instance, and instead of doubling up in Pullman berths (imagine two ballplayers in an upper!), ride in roomettes and compartments. A very big share of it is accounted for by the growth of scouting, school, training, coaching and managerial functions, all designed to field a team that will win, win, win. At any rate, the player's

position has become subordinate to the complex mechanism that manufactures and merchandises him.

Thus, while big league players are remarkably well paid, it is equally remarkable that they aren't paid better. No doubt they would be—except for one thing. They are, in effect, the hood servants, the semiservants, of the club

owner. At only one time in their lives can they say "How much?" with any real freedom of choice. That is before they begin to play professional baseball. Once they sign a professional contract with any club, they become commodities in the baseball market and have little more effective control over their rewards or, indeed, their performing careers than so many trained axmen, which can yelp for more fish but will get no more than the trainer calculates will keep them eager. This is because the contract contains something called "the reserve clause." It is the keystone around which the whole baseball industry is built.

Stripped of its legal trimmings, what the reserve clause says is that the contract—which ordinarily is for a one-year period—can be renewed if the club wishes, and that it can be sold to any other club at any time. Elsewhere in the contract, the player agrees to abide by all the rules governing organized baseball, which are contained in interlocking agreements that bind the team to its league and the league to all the other leagues in a tightly knit code of "baseball law." A feature of this law is its provision on "tampering," which forbids any other club's even having "negotiations or dealings respecting employment" with a player without the permission of the club which holds his contract. These two items combine to give the player no recourse. If he refuses to renew his contract for what his club wants to pay him (subject to certain minimum pay rates laid down in the law), no other club can offer him a job. His alternatives are to sign or to stop playing. What he ordinarily does instead, if he feels he is being undervalued, is to hold off signing, meanwhile invoking justice, honor, common decency and his informal guesses as to what other players are getting. If he is a star, he can cause the owners embarrassment both in the newspapers and on the field by holding out until after the season starts. Usually, before then, some reasonably satisfactory figure will have been hammered out.

The reserve clause, in one form or another, is almost as old as professional baseball and has been under attack on both moral and legal grounds during much of that time. To have survived, it must have a useful function. In 1959 a Congressional committee under Representative Emanuel Celler, in a monumental study of monopoly charges against organized baseball, went into the matter all over again

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COLLECTORS COME OVER PRODUCTIVE SANDS ON FLORIDA'S WEST COAST

THE SHELL GAME

It is a cheerful passion in a bright world of color and form

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY GENE FOLEY

IF THEY ARE LUCKY, the stooping figures busily combing a Florida beach (above) will rub away the sand from a hard calcium object and find underneath a shell which, like the beauteous plectured opossum, will compare favorably with the fanciest jewels yet devised by man or nature. Almost any child or adult who has ever roamed a beach has probably enjoyed the thrill of discovering one such shell, but to the systematic collector it is an experience that has become almost commonplace. For collectors, a cheerful and obsessive band of hobbyists who sometimes go to amazing lengths to get hold of a particular shell, operate in an enormous and still largely unexplored world, in which the very names attest poetically to the infinite variety of its color and form: bee's-gaw, angel wing, Venus's-comb, bleeding tooth, jewel box, baby's-cradle, silver lantern, Scotch bonnet, precious tusk and sad unicorn.

Shells are the liquid cement secretion of animals called mollusks which wear their skeletons on the outside. There are 80,000 known species; about 500 new ones are being found every year, and there may be another 50,000 awaiting discovery. Mollusks can be found in the ocean, on mountains, near the poles, on the desert, on the tops of trees and under their roots, in the jungle, in fresh-water ponds and even in hot springs. They climb, crawl, burrow, swim, dive, float, spin a web, and some fly. Certain species are bisexual. Others change sex with confounding frequency; and one, the California sea hare, is so prolific it is said to spawn around 500 million eggs a month. Some eat voraciously, others hibernate for years without nourishment. A few are venomous and can kill a man. Many are microscopic, but the giant clam of the Pacific's coral reefs often weighs a whopping 500 pounds.

Regardless of their size, however, most mollusks maintain an absolute mathematical control over their own growth, so that their perfect symmetry is never marred. (Each new coil of the celebrated chambered nautilus, for example, is built exactly three times the width of the coil preceding it.) The patterns and colors ornamenting the shells are produced by a series of pigment glands on the edge of a flap of skin called the mantle. Unfortunately, of the unkind

billions of shells washed up on the world's shores each year, only one percent are worth saving, the abrasive action of wind, sand and sea having dimmed their color and softened their form.

Probably the most sought-after shell in the world is the gold-and-pearl-inlaid glory-of-the-sea, conch (page 21), three of which were first sighted in the Philippines in 1838. Only 23 can be located today, making them extremely valuable, but the bottom could fall out of the market in a flash if a collector should stumble on a large colony, as happened a few years ago with the golden-mouthed Buxton. Only two were known to exist. Then one day some Florida shrimp men came in with 100 specimens. Dealers immediately downpriced the shell to \$5 for their good customers, and then learned to their horror that the action was hasty. The shrimp men have never dredged up another golden-mouth.

Shells are at their best and most prolific in warm waters. In the U.S. and environs the outstanding spots are the busy beaches of Magdalena Bay on the southwest coast of Baja California and the palm-fringed sands of Sanibel Island, off Fort Myers on the Gulf Coast side of Florida. The intensive collector gets shells any way he can—buying, trading, fishing, crawling, digging, diving, etc.—but if he is an old hand at the game, he will let a hermit crab do the work for him. This little creature lives in a shell to protect an extremely tender section of his anatomy. If the collector takes away his shell, this important-looking crab will march into the sea, pick up a new one and lug it ashore. With luck, it will be a good one. (END)

SOME RARE AND BEAUTIFUL SHELLS

On the following two pages are shown some of the world's loveliest and rarest shells. Opposite are representative beauties from the nonexclusive collection of the Smithsonian Institution. From left to right: top row—Bedford's mussel (Australia), golden oyster (Central Pacific) and Regal's nautilus (West Indies); second row—chambered-lined top shell (West Indies), both halves of a beiled Venus (Australia) and a Japanese Lutraria (Japan); third row—Rifted's valve (Australia), both halves of a pointed scallop (Pacific), between them, a heart cockle (Philippines) and a Juncus (Florida); bottom—paired Pacific thorny oysters (Gulf of California); and, between them, toothed cone (Pacific).



SOME OF THE MOST DESIRABLE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

(BY GORDON H. J. JONES)



PRECIOUS WENTLETRAP

Found in deep water off the Aegean coast, this shell was once so rare that bargains of 100 were made by the Chinese.



THATCHERIA SHELL

Another rare member of the conch family, this one comes from deep waters off the Japanese coast. It is worth \$20.



GOLDEN-MOUTHED BUSYCON

For many years the British Museum had the only two specimens, but a few years ago more were found in Gulf of Mexico.

GLORY OF THE SEA

Considered priceless, the last of these shells to be offered for sale fetched \$1,200. It is found in the Philippines.



SPOTTED COWRIE

Only two or three specimens of this shell have ever been found. This one was collected at the Admiralty Islands.

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Left: Jarman "Style-A-Scope" shoe, \$12.95 to \$14.95. Right: Jarman "Style-B" shoe, \$14.95 to \$16.95. Middle: Jarman "Style-C" shoe, \$16.95 to \$18.95.

Center: Jarman "Style-D" shoe, \$18.95 to \$20.95. Right: Jarman "Style-E" shoe, \$20.95 to \$22.95. Middle: Jarman "Style-F" shoe, \$22.95 to \$24.95.

Right: Jarman "Style-G" shoe, \$24.95 to \$26.95. Middle: Jarman "Style-H" shoe, \$26.95 to \$28.95. Left: Jarman "Style-I" shoe, \$28.95 to \$30.95.

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THE BASEBALL PLAYER

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and at length, but finally, decided that it would be best to leave the rule alone. The reason, which had an obvious persuasiveness for the majority committee, comes down to this: the essence of baseball is competition between teams—and, as we have seen, it has to be real competition, with the outcome in doubt, or the fans lose interest and the whole professional structure falls apart. But some teams have a financial advantage over others because of favorable location or rich backers. If players were free to come and go, such teams could and doubtless would hire all the best ones. There would no longer be real competition except among the top few, while the poorer clubs withered away. Under the reserve clause's protection they can hold on to players they develop and, in a pinch, sell off enough of them to keep going. The logic is sound, the conclusion inevitable; and the reserve clause is here to stay—until such time, perhaps, as the 16 teams become so many subsidiaries of big advertisers, and the competition is transposed into terms of Pabst vs. Schlitz. Then Ted Williams may make as much as Jackie Gleason.

THE CASE OF LEFTY JONES

For the player, as well as the owner, the clause is the central fact of his business life, since it severely limits his opportunities. But it is not quite as severe as it looks, for attached to it are subrules having to do with such things as "drafting" and "waivers," which are intended for the player's protection and which sometimes actually work out that way. To see these in action and to see how the baseball business apparatus operates to keep the majors supplied with talent, it will be useful to invent a sample ballplayer. His name, naturally, is Lefty. His last name these days is apt to be Italian or Spanish, but for typographical ease it will be Jones.

Who is Lefty Jones? He is, of course, a composite. Unlike Little Orphan Annie, who remains the same age despite the passage of the years, Lefty will age 16 years in the brief time that we study him—13 years in the context of baseball as it is now organized.

When first we see him, he is a fine, sturdy lad of 13 coming from his school team and dreaming, boylike, that some day he will be another Johnny Podres. As a matter of fact, several big league scouts are having this same

dream. Already—at 187 Professional baseball has not quite yet infiltrated maternity wards in its search for healthy boys, but the trend is in that direction. There are two reasons for this. Sandlot play, while there is still plenty of it, has given way increasingly to organized play in 14,000 Little League teams for boys aged 8 to 12 years, 2,700 P-O-N-Y League teams for boys 13 and 14 years old, 900 Babe Ruth League teams for boys 15 to 18 and some 17,000 American Legion Junior Baseball teams for ages 16 to 17. Their yearly state, sectional and national tournaments give scouts the opportunity to see a talented boy in the earliest stages of his development. The



PAUL PETTIT got record \$390,000 from Pirates in 1958 but faded in majors.

second reason is that scouting itself, in response to the mounting competitive pressure within the baseball industry, has increased tremendously. Thirty years ago the Yankees, for instance, had three full-time scouts; today they have 18 in addition to a network of part-time ones, called "bird dogs." These are men in all walks of life who are always on the alert for prospects for the fun, prestige and possible commissions involved.

So Lefty, who has a fine fast ball and a pretty good curve and who pitched his Little League team to run-up position in the state tournament, has been looked over by a dozen or so scouts already. They have measured him for size, endurance and temperament, as well as skill. They, no less than his parents, hope that he will grow into a tall, strong young man (6 feet 2 inches and 185 pounds would be about right) with quick mental and physical reflexes and with an ambitious, tenacious, competitive (but not

argumentative) disposition. One or two of them have already been around to meet his parents, sometimes just to shake hands and say what a fine boy he is, but often to look into Lefty's environment and personality inheritance. This is laid the groundwork for an increasing intimacy if developments make that worthwhile.

Lefty makes progress right along, every year bigger, smarter, faster. He really comes about the game. And by now, with his age at 17 or so, the scouts really care about him. He will have been seen in action by scores of them, representing most of the big league teams and perhaps officials of the minor league teams in his part of the country.

The very day after he graduates from high school, Lefty may have his pick of half a dozen contracts. But he and his parents decide that he should have some college education. Lefty likes college and stands out on the freshman ball team. But in his economics course he learns that the average college graduate earns \$4,800 a year, which certainly doesn't look so hot compared with the ballplayers' salaries he reads about.

Now could be his time to become wealthy. So, after one year of college, Lefty quits and puts himself on the baseball market. If he has impressed the scouts enough, there is no telling the heights to which competition may drive their offers of a bonus to sign up with their team. The record so far is a reported \$125,000, paid to Pitcher Billy Joe Davidson in 1952 by the Indians. That year, the big leagues paid out more for bonuses to new players than they paid in salaries to all their regular team rosters. This extreme price has not been matched since, but bonuses of \$50,000 and \$60,000 have not been infrequent, with \$100,000 considered well within reason.

The bonus babies—for most of them are simply teen-agers, like Lefty—are almost entirely a postwar phenomenon, and in the late 1920s and early '30s the idea of paying big sums in this way was undreamed of. "Once in a while," Paul Krichell remembers, "you ran into hard competition and had to meet the price. But you never gave more than \$5,000 tops. You didn't give bonuses the way they use the word now. You might give a player \$500 or something like that just to sweeten the deal. Why, the whole deal for Lou Gehrig came to \$1,500. Krichell didn't cost a cent—think of that!" The change came because the war shut

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off the usual supply of rookies, and most of the clubs, operating in those years at a loss and nervous about the future, did little to assure themselves a future supply. The exception was Branch Rickey, then president of the Dodgers, who signed hundreds of young prospects, knowing that in a very short time they would have to interrupt their Dodger careers with war service. The result was that the Dodgers came into the postwar era in a very strong position—their great record since then is founded directly on Rickey's foresight—and could cash in on the unexpected and unparalleled baseball boom of 1946-49. Other clubs, having to restock their farm systems and replenish their aging regular rosters in a hurry, began the wild bidding that now has become a fixture in the industry.

After the first big outlay in 1946, the owners reached an agreement aimed at protecting themselves from one another's recklessness. A rule to limit bonus players was added to baseball law and remained until 1950; then it was abandoned, resulting in the great splash of 1952, after which it was re-modeled and put back into force. The current rule says that a club can pay any amount it wants to as a bonus, but that if this is more than \$4,000 the new player will have to be put on the team's regular 26-man roster and spend two years there before being sent to a farm club for polishing. This cramped the spending for a time, but last year, as the first postwar crop grew past their two-year limit and became eligible for assignment to the farm system, the lever took hold again, and 29 boys were signed at fancy prices.

In the past two years, Baltimore has been far and away the champion at paying bonuses, with an investment of more than \$704,000. So far, there has been little return on it. John Bruce Swargo, a \$36,000 pitcher, was released before ever pitching a ball in a regular game—it turned out that crowds made him nervous.

Indeed, one of the most remarkable things about the whole remarkable phenomenon of the bonus babies is that, while a few have measured up as big league material (Robbie Roberts, Gil McDougald, Billy Loos, Andy Carey, Johnny Antonelli, Harvey Kuenn, for example), a good many of them have been almost total losses. Yet the big bonuses go on being paid. The situation seems incongruous, but



\$125,000, small time-high, captured Pittsburgher Billy Joe Davidson for Indians in 1951.

there is a good and simple reason behind it. With farm, scouting, school and coaching costs as high as they are these days, it costs about \$200,000 to develop a ballplayer from the time he enters a club system in the lower minors until he is ready for the majors—if he ever is. Accordingly, if a bonus player makes good his first season or two, he will have been a bargain even at \$100,000. One Al Kaline, who signed with Detroit for \$39,999 and shortly became one of the finest outfielders in the league, makes up for an awful lot of mistakes. And some of the bonus boys who have been sent to the minors may well turn out, after a few years of seasoning there, to be stars of the future. In today's fiercely competitive baseball business, these are chances that owners are driven to take.

A CONTRACT WITH THE GREEN SOX

How now for Lefty? He is a promising player. But the competition is rough: the scouting machine will have turned up a thousand or more prospects worth considering—the Yankees alone invite 900 boys a year to their tryout camps at the stadium—and hundreds of these will look good enough to be offered contracts. Unless Lefty can make an owner gamble on putting him on a big league roster, he is worth less—the rule says—than \$4,000. The sweepstakes pass him by; when he says, "How much?", the answer is \$3,999.99. However, there is a lively surrying under the table, and in some remote way Lefty's parents no longer owe the \$6,999 mortgage on their house and are the pleased owners of a new color TV set. Lefty has a contract with the Green Sox organization.



\$85,000 was tag on Pitcher Frank Baumann when he signed with Red Sox in 1952.

It could have been worse. He could have been offered no bonus at all—as the really marginal prospects aren't—and he might have been assigned a worse place to start than Smithville, a pretty mountain town in the Green Sox system, even if it is in a D league and pays him only \$37.50 a week. Perhaps he could have started in a higher classification in some other organization, but the Green Sox are temporarily well stocked with pitching material. Lefty is disappointed but not desecrated—no system ever has enough pool pitchers, and he is confident and ambitious.

Now, however, after the first flush of excitement at being a member of the great Green Sox empire has worn off, he begins to realize that the world can be a less obliging place than he had been led to believe. He is expected to get out and win ball games—and if he does not, he can be fired without notice, contract or no. In fact, now that he takes the time to study and fully comprehend his contract, he has a hard time finding anything the monopower has agreed to; it all seems to be something he has agreed to. Not only can he be fired without notice or severance pay, but even if injuries received "while rendering service under this contract" make him unable to play, he is entitled to only two weeks' pay as a settlement. At the end of the season, if he lasts that long, he may receive no travel allowance to get home from Smithville. During the four or five weeks of spring training, he gets room and board and laundry, but earns no salary and receives no spending money. He can be traded to any other club any time, and he can be fired or suspended for violating any of a number



\$65,000 was Johnny Antonelli's price to Boston. He came through for the Giants.



\$55,000 was price for 1963 Rookie of the Year, Harvey Kuenn of the Detroit Tigers.



\$30,000 is what Detroit paid for Al Kaline, one of the club's best investments.

of rules. The contract says that, if any dispute arises between him and the management about his rights and obligations, he is entitled to take his case to the executive committee of the National Association of Baseball Players or even to the baseball commissioner. But older hands among his teammates put him straight about this. "If you ever want to work up to the majors," they warn him, "don't make trouble. Don't be a clubhouse lawyer."

Lefty spends his first season rattling around his D circuit in the club's elderly Chevrolet bus, bouncing from one town to another and occasionally spending a hard night on the bus. The crowds are small, and there isn't much glamour, but he manages to win more than his share of games and that winter his contract is renewed. Not only that, he finds himself assigned to Brownville, a Green Sox Class B team. Brownville is in the Kansas prairies, 2,000 miles from Smithville, and is a place Lefty would not ordinarily have chosen to be. But this is moving up—he is raised to \$60 a week.

We could follow Lefty through many adventures during the next year: military service (it takes him almost a full season afterward to sharpen up his pitching repertoire), through various transfers in the Green Sox system, through that system's baseball schools and the various managerial theories that converted him temporarily into a first baseman and finally into an outfielder. Since our concern is with Lefty's business career, however, it is enough to note that as he rose in the organization he made \$82 a week as an A-league player, \$185 in the Double-A's and over \$200 when he climbed to the

Triple-A's. Now, a seasoned-in-the-backwoods veteran of many hundreds of professional games, he is ready for the Green Sox roster itself. He is 24 years old. That autumn, preparatory to this final advancement, he is transferred to the Green Sox Triple-A team at Cold Snap, Alaska, which can be reached at that time of the year only by snowshoe. The reason for this is that he is eligible for the "draft"—not the government's now, but baseball's.

THE RULES OF THE DRAFT

In theory, the baseball draft has two purposes: to help the weaker clubs obtain good players at prices they can afford and thus to keep intraleague strength relatively even and competitive; and to insure that players will be advanced to higher league classifications as fast as their abilities warrant. Actually, it helps the players more than the clubs. The basic rule is that a higher league club can, for a certain set price named in baseball law—such prices range from \$760 to \$15,000, depending on the league classifications—buy players from any league club in the ranks below it; moreover, that the clubs in the higher league get to do this in reverse order of their standing, so that the club finishing last gets first choice. However, as the rule goes on to say, a player cannot be drafted in this way until he has served a certain time in organized baseball. A player in the B's, C's or D's, for instance, can't be drafted into a higher classification for two years; in the A's the limit is three seasons, and in Double-A and Triple-A, it is four. In the "open" Pacific Coast League, it goes up to five. Thus, if the operators of a farm system wish to do

so, they can hold a player back "in inventory," so to speak, for several years, although his talent may qualify him for play in a higher league.

Furthermore, the rule says that only one player from Class A or higher can be drafted from a club each year. This gives owners a chance to reduce the hazards of the system to an absolute minimum. Before the yearly draft season comes—it lasts for only a few days each fall—they simply transfer all their eligible players temporarily to one club. From this roster, only one man can be drafted; the others are then returned to inventory for another year. Thus we find Lefty, along with a dozen or so other eligibles from the high minors owned by the Green Sox system, suddenly assigned to the Cold Snap roster.

And as luck would have it, he is the one drafted. After all these years working up to his big chance with the Green Sox, he starts the following season with the last-place Buffaloes.

However, he at last is in the big leagues, and his working conditions are greatly improved. Now he can't be fired without 30 days' notice. If he is injured, he gets his salary anyway for the full term of his contract. At the end of the season, he gets traveling expenses to return home. During spring training he receives \$25 a week for incidentals. If he has a bad season, the club can't reduce his salary by more than 25%, when and if it renews his contract the next year. He acquires free life insurance coverage for up to \$10,000, and he can even look forward to collecting a pension of up to \$100 a month. He pays \$1 a week dues to the Major League Baseball Players' Association, which is

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SHE WEARS THE PANTS BUT

THE BASEBALL PLAYER

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not quite a trade union, but is heading in that direction, to press the owners for further advantages and to hire Lawyer J. Norman Lewis at \$15,000 a year to keep a cold legal eye on the whole owner-player relationship.

The M.L.B.P.A.'s current aim, incidentally, is to raise the minimum big league salary level from \$6,000 to \$7,500 and—more important—to see that the players have a voice in negotiating the price for the All-Star game and World Series TV rights. Their pension fund is supported chiefly by their 60% share of this money. The \$1 million-a-year contract that former high commissioner Happy Chandler negotiated with the Giffette Razor Co. in 1959 runs out this year, and the new contract will undoubtedly call for an increase—*Variety* reports that the fee may be as much as \$3 million a year. The players claim they were not consulted about the old contract and are understandably eager to have some control over the new one.

Lefty spends the next few years with the Buffaloes and becomes their regular left fielder. He makes about \$11,000 a year and is able to put aside several thousand a year of it to build up some capital; for during the winter layoff time he has been working as an auto salesman, and he wants to save enough to buy into the agency as a partner. Practically all of his teammates have similar winter jobs and either own or plan to own an interest in some business. But, although he is doing well financially, he knows that he can never relax, not even for an instant: below him in the Buffalo farm system, as he has every reason to realize, are dozens of eager young players who hope to move up and take his job. It could happen any time. And one day toward the end of his fourth season a friendly baseball writer tells him the rumor—the Buffalo management has asked for "waivers" on him.

Since at any time the Buffaloes could have sent him to the minors for more seasoning or "option" and then recalled him (up to three times), this probably means that they have decided that someone else on the roster or on the farms can do his job and are thinking of using him for trading purposes.

Baseball law's waiver rule could give Lefty some problematical degree of protection against the first of these possibilities. The rule says that before a major league club can send a player back to the minors they must offer him to all the other clubs in the league, who

then have a right to claim him in reverse order of their standing; and then, if none of these wants him, he must be offered to the clubs in the other league, also in reverse order. Only if all the majors waive their right to claim him at the standard waiver price of \$10,000 can he be sent down to the lower leagues. In theory, at least, this insures that a player will never leave the majors so long as he is good enough to play on the worst team. In practice, however, things may not work out that way. The clubs' general managers are friendly competitors with mutual sympathy for one another's problems. If one of them has a player whom he wants to send back to inventory, a few telephone calls may well produce a gentleman's agreement and the necessary waivers. Moreover, the waiver rule contains an extra feature that protects the general manager if anyone defaults. He is entitled to withdraw his offer; indeed, he can offer the same player twice in any year and withdraw him both times if the other clubs refuse to waive.

As a result of these oddities of the law, the waiver system has long since degenerated into a device for helping the managers engineer player trades. As Philip K. Wrigley testified at baseball's 1950, "Your waivers have always been trial balloons, or tests. You ask for waivers on your players, and then you check with the clubs who claim them, and that gives you a pretty good idea who is interested in whom and to what extent."

Lefty is a valuable player, not ready for the minors—yet. So it turns out, when the Buffaloes ask for waivers on him they are only testing, notifying the other clubs in the league that he is not indispensable to the Buffalo roster and that maybe, for the right kind of offer . . . or again, maybe not. He is the opening card in what may turn out to be a Big Deal.



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Bill Veeck, who has watched and taken part in many such deals, describes the process this way:

"Deals usually have their inception on the back of an envelope. You list your starting lineup. You look for the weaknesses, then start to fill in the ideal lineup that is within the realm of possibility. Next, you try and figure out what would be an agreeable exchange for the players that you've decided would help your club. You try and figure the minimum that you hope the other club would be satisfied with and the maximum in playing talent that you might afford to give. If a deal is to be consummated, the answer has to lie somewhere between the two lists.

"As a starter, you might ask waivers on the players whom you feel might interest another club. They claim them. You call. Guilelessly, of course. Discuss the weather, the attendance, the schedule, anything but the player. When you run out of subjects, you just happen to mention casually that you notice the Black Club claimed your pitcher. Obviously they couldn't expect to get a player of his caliber for the waiver price. Your reason for putting him on the list? Well, several clubs had asked about him and you were just curious as to how high they'd go. Hadn't any idea really of dealing him. He was much too important and valuable, the way pitching was. However, if they wanted to make an offer, you'd be glad to listen. No hurry. No, you didn't have any ideas as to who you might want in exchange. Oh, no—not guys like that. Sure, you'll be at the winter meetings.

"That's the start, and it's amazing how many excuses for calling occur after that. At the meetings you agree to meet and discuss the merits of the various players who have entered so far into the various discussions. When you do meet, usually you go through the whole rigmarole again. Why? Who knows? I guess it's a holdover from

horse trading or something. In the meantime, you try not to let anyone else get the player or players you want in return for your pitcher. You kid, threaten, cajole and finally you make the deal and find out the other man knew just as much about his player as you know about yours."

A DEAL WITH LARRY

On the other hand, as Veeck relates, heard Larry MacPhail made one of the most important deals in recent history in only five minutes. "At the World Series in Boston in 1945, Larry, one of my favorite persons to do business with, sharp but very truthful if placed down on players, walked by my box on his way to his seat. I mentioned he had a second baseman I wanted, Joe Gordon. He also had an abundance of infield talent. I had none, but I did have some extra pitching. Larry asked whom I'd give for Gordon. I told him either Alie Reynolds or Red Knepper, but that if he took Reynolds I wanted the right to buy another outfielder from their Kansas City team, Elmer Backman. He went over and sat down, and later I walked over and sat on the step in front of his seat. Joe DiMaggio was sitting nearby, and unfortunately Larry had asked his opinion. Joe recommended very strongly for Reynolds. Larry told me it had to be Reynolds. I needed the second baseman. He needed the pitcher. We made the deal. Gordon was a peasant for Cleveland, and Reynolds was a couple for the Yankees."

This, of course, is the essence of a good deal—that both sides gain. And such is often possible, for with the military draft and the attrition due to age and injuries, soft spots are bound to come up often in almost any team's roster. Baseball legend is full of stories of how smart-as-a-whistle somebody else is a particular deal; and some of the stories are true. But

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- 5 *Underneath it all—the "fish-oo,"* made as a shirt, made as short shorts, stays down and smooth under pants as shirt—good to show as a striped. Black, several colors, pink, white, cotton. About \$15. Everything in store is \$15.



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recharged from near 1.1

each club knows its own personnel and has detailed information on the strengths and weaknesses and needs of all the other clubs, and usually the result is a mutually beneficial commerce in which nobody manages (try as they will) to cheat anybody else.

Returning now to our staple player, Lefty—the following season finds him in the starting lineup of the Blue Sox, as the result of winter-meeting maneuvers that also involved a pitcher, a catcher, two outfielders, three infielders, \$25,000 in cash and an autographed portrait of Marilyn Monroe. And here we can leave him—the typical ballplayer of the 1936 season. He is 29 years old, married, the father of one or two future Little Leaguers. He earns \$12,000 a year from baseball and a few thousand a year extra from the car agency, some public speaking engagements and endorsing cigarettes and bubble gum. He can count on having his salary raised to \$15,000 or so before he is through in the big leagues, a time not far off. Bob Feller may go on forever. At 37 years so far, but Lefty, being average, probably has only two or three left. After that? Perhaps a place on the scouting or coaching staff, perhaps a manager's job on the Blue Sox farm system or a desk job in the Blue Sox's ever-expanding front office, where there is plenty of work for a man with baseball experience and a good business head. Or perhaps it will be a slow decline down the ladder that he came up, playing for the Triple-A's, the Double-A's, the plain A's and finally leaving baseball behind to seek the lameness of the C's and D's.

STILL A HOMETOWN HERO

By that time he will have his partnership in the agency—and he will sell a lot of cars. Because back there in his home town, he will still be a hero. People will ask him to tell about the time the Blue Sox were playing the Yankees, it was two down, the winning runs on base, bottom of the ninth, and he came up to bat. . . . He will be chairman of the local committee for the Little Leagues, and he will serve on the park department athletic board. He will have prestige, enough money and a lot of memories. Not bad. Looking back, even to those days on the bus in the D-league, and to all the times he felt victimized by baseball law, and to the raises he felt he deserved but didn't get, still a pretty good life, a pretty good business. (CEN)

MIRACLE

I especially want you to know of the "miracle" **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has wrought. My dad, an avid sports fan, took my mom, years ago, to one Mike Ruth play his first baseball game. He struck out each time at bat. She gracefully developed a deaf ear, as the years went by, to the radio giving facts with baseball and football games—bored box-ins, etc.

Then came SI, and once, never one to ignore a beautiful magazine, visited carefully inside the

She now has a bad case of Pedrom-itis, knows who Harvey Knox is (who doesn't?) and, I'm convinced, could do a passable Valencia in the bullfighting ring.

Mr. John H. Garaband, Chicago, Ill.

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TOP ABSENTEE 3-year-old, Career Boy, winner in Camden, S.C. with Trainer Veltch.

THE 3-YEAR-OLDS

continued from page 25

ready. If they haven't got it, all the training in the world won't make 'em do what nature doesn't intend for them to do. This is the kind of year when there could be any number of horses develop overnight—surprise all of us. I just hope we got one of 'em."

Not to detract from Needles' victory, it's still true that the colt most of the trainers at Hialeah were thinking of last week was a sleek, black number who won't even on the grounds. His name: Career Boy. Career Boy had been top-weighted on the Experimental list at 126 pounds (one pound more than Needles and Nail), and although he failed to finish at the top of any of the 1955 year-end polls for 2-year-old honors, Handicapper Kilree voted him a special award: the colt most likely to succeed in 1956. Owned by C. V. Whitney, Career Boy is at the moment training at Camden, S.C. Last week he was just galloping, this week he starts breezing, and what Trainer Syl Veltch has seen to date makes him all smiles. "He showed us last fall that he can run at the finish," says Veltch, "and from his breeding he should have no trouble going a distance. [A son of the Belmont Stakes winner Phalaris, Career Boy is out of a Mahmoud mare, Swanky, who is a full sister to the 1946 Futurity winner First Flight.] He's a slow starter and usually takes five-eighths of a mile before he'll level out. But then, whammo, away he goes." One of Career Boy's stabilizers at Camden is a son of Eight Thirty named Head Man, whose dam is another Mahmoud mare, Sweetfall. "He

is developing better than ever," says Veltch, who is beginning to get a little suspicious of all the compliments being heaped on his two best 2-year-olds. "If they're all saying I've got the best horses, they're just trying to put me on the spot. But I don't mind it so much. I'm just watching and waiting—watching to see what the Florida and California charts tell me—and waiting to see the others beat their brains out. I hope we'll be there when the time comes."

There are other names that will bear watching this spring, and still others who may make themselves heard by later in the summer. And there are some who made news last year who will find the pickings thin in this new season. Remember Prince John, winner of the Garden State? He was injured in Florida and won't be seen until at least midsummer. And Swann's Son? They say he'll be a sprinter only—and sprinters don't win Kentucky Derbies. But for future reference here are a few names to tuck away. Some may be heard from in a big way: Basher Fantasy, Getthere Jack, Liberty Sun, Eastgate, Gus Shot, Happy New Year, Lawless, Terrang, Fabius, Call Me Lucky, Count Chic, Greek Spy and Boon Mighty. To many turf fans, these may hardly be familiar names, but some of the owners they represent surely are: Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham, Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloan, Rex Ellsworth, Mrs. Gene Markey, Mrs. Anson Bigelow. And this is the kind of season which will almost certainly see many new faces in winners' circles around the country.

It's a long way from the Flamingo to the Derby—only two horses, Lasarin and Citation, have made it from one winner's circle to the other. In between now and the Saturday afternoon of May 5 will be many a severe test. Just to name a few: the Florida Derby, the Chesapeake, the Wood Memorial, the Blue Grass Stakes and the Derby Trial.

Another test comes off this week in California where the Santa Anita Derby may indicate what to expect from such West Coast 3-year-olds as Terrang, Like Magic, Fathers Risk, Blen Host and Polly's Jet. Californians are almost ready to admit that they don't have a Kentucky Derby horse this season. Of course they admit this with tongue in cheek. They know perfectly well that three of the last four Kentucky Derby winners—Hill Gail, Danerise and Swags—all won the Santa Anita Derby first. It could happen again in 1956. (E.S.S.)

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TRIPLE-WINNER FLOCK GRINS FROM DRIVERS' SEAT OF HIS CHRYSLER AFTER FLYING MILE

SALUTE TO SPEED

Daytona's classic produced a triple hero, added fuel to a feud, and fired up a mob

by KENNETH RUDEEN

FOR SEVEN DAYS, while perverse winds and tides conspired against the best-laid plans of the mechanical age, America's annual salute to speed on the classic sands of Daytona Beach, Florida, was at a virtual standstill. Instead of high-powered automobiles flailing down the stretch, road graders and bulldozers shuffled back and forth vainly trying to smooth out pits and gullies in the sand which one night of northeast winds and a high tide would have packed like an airport runway.

Day by day, officials of the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing, drivers and increasingly disgruntled spectators made the pilgrimage to the sea, looked and headed glumly back to motels and garages again.

But when the speed trials came to life, they did so with a bang and a roar. Before they were over, Daytona had a triple-crowned hero, several new records, more fuel on the fire of a firmly established feud between two leading Detroit manufacturers in the bur-

geoning field of U.S. sports cars, spills, thrills and a full-fledged riot which was quieted only by the National Guard. It was a week to remember.

The man to remember was a tall, lean, ex-fireman, ex-cab driver and father of five: Julius Timothy Flock of Atlanta, Georgia (40). For the second year running, Tim Flock captured the week's top race, the 100-mile Grand National Circuit, and the new Sports Illustrated trophy, last Sunday. Not only that; he also racked up a record qualifying time of 135.74 mph in his big Chrysler 340B, drove the same type of car to victory and a new record in the passenger-car time trials over a measured mile with a 139.573 mph average and ran away with the 121-mile Sportsman and Modified Race in a red-hot 1933 Chevrolet powered with a 1966 Oldsmobile fuel-injection engine.

From the time he first drove onto the beach on Wednesday, it seemed as though nothing could stop Tim Flock. And, in fact, nothing could. It was a rain-soaked, wreck-strewn race he wove his way through on Sunday in his climactic victory, but he drove with needle-threading accuracy all the way. Though 58 of the 75 cars entered were out before the race was over, though car after car spun out, cracked up or otherwise got into trouble on the mud-slick north and south turns and the race was finally cut off eight miles short of the scheduled finish line because the tide was lapping at the beach course, Flock's Chrysler hardly ever wavered. Seldom spectacular, except in his meticulous skill in holding the big car on the hairline that separated speed from spin, he won with an average of 90.83 mph, 57 seconds ahead of Runner-up Billy Myers, of Germantown, N.C., in a Mercury.



NEW CHEVY, 1966 Dodge Dart's modified Corvette, straddles past the starting line on record flying mile. Tail fin studies it.



OLD CHEVY—No. 47A, Tim Flock's 1933 coupe with new fuel-injection engine, leads pack out of turn in Sportsman race.



51 TROPHY Is awarded by manager John Norwood to Tim Flock and children.

But if Tim Flock dominated the stock cars, NASCAR's particular concern, there was almost as much interest this year in a field formerly virtually pre-empted by foreign entries—the sports cars. This time American speedsters led the way all the way. What they did, and how they did it, promised an exciting future for enthusiasts of the breed.

Lined up in what amounted to a factory competition were three Chevrolet Corvettes, painted in American racing colors of white and blue, and a sleek black Thunderbird. Zora Arkus-Duntov, Chevrolet's imported European racing engineer, headed the Corvette team which was entered by Richard Doane of Raceways Enterprise in Dundee, Illinois; and Pete De Paolo, an oldtime racing great now working under Ford's banner, entered the Thunderbird, driven by Chuck Daigh. And right away things began to happen.

In their first trial, the Corvettes and the Thunderbird squared off in the acceleration test, one rille from a standing start. The T-Bird flashed down the strip for an average of 92.14 mph, shattering the brand-new record for production sports cars set barely a month before at Daytona by Arkus-Duntov in a Corvette. This time the Corvette trailed at 86.684 mph.

Promptly the decision was protested. The Thunderbird, said Doane, was modified. Bill France, NASCAR's president, had both cars inspected. Both were found to have cylinders overbored in excess of regulations, the Corvette by 33/1,000ths of an inch, the Thunderbird by 49/1,000ths. When the argument was over, France announced that both violations were due to a misinterpretation of the rules, and that the tests would be rerun with new, regulations.



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WINNER IN PURE SPEED, PRODUCTION 1966 CORVETTE, HERE DRIVEN BY SECOND-PLACE FINISHER BETTY SKELTON, GETS THE CHECKERED FLAG

SALUTE TO SPEED

continued from page 45

lation engines in both cars. This time it was official: Chuck Daigh in the Thunderbird, 88.779 mph; William Norbeck of Chicago in another, privately entered Thunderbird, 87.869; John Fitch in the Corvette, 86.872. Round One was clearly Ford's.

Round Two, however, was a different story. In the two-way flying mile, a test of pure speed, the Corvette won hands down. Fitch sped southward down the beach at a sizzling 154.972 mph, turned, sped back (against the wind which helped him before) at 157.193 for a 145.543 average. Betty Skelton, the part little ash-blond-haired aviation-driver, ran her Corvette streeted with a southbound time of 145.944 mph and a 157.778 average. Nine privately entered T-birds followed in close order, headed by Andrew Hutton, of Dearborn, Michigan, with an average of 134.464. Chuck Daigh's Thunderbird did not compete.

The Corvettes underscored their claim as kings of pure speed by cracking up the fastest time of any car on the beach when Arkus-Dantow drove a modified car (with tail fin, bellypan and increased compression) down the stretch at a flashing 152.642 for the southbound run and a 147.306 mph average. Even a Grand Prix Ferrari, driven in a class by itself by Bill Holland, couldn't match that one-way speed, although Holland's two-way average of 148.167 mph was higher.

In between there were other excitements—and disappointments. Darryl

Karson, chief test driver for Dodge, racked up two victories in the strictly stock division (no tricks like shaving treads off tires for smoother running), averaging 149.577 mph (a new record) in the flying mile, 81.796 in the standing mile. Vicki Wood of Detroit, like Betty Skelton a woman in a man's class, actually turned in a faster top speed for the flying mile than winner Tim Flock, in the same car, a Chrysler 300-B, when she ripped off the southbound run at 143.827 mph. Curtis Turner, a Virginia sportsman-lumberman, came back after a nearly disastrous fire in the Sportsman and Modified Race to win the new feature for convertibles, a 160-mile race on the Daytona circuit, with a record 96.11 mph average in a 1936 Ford. On the disappointment side were the departures, after nearly a week of waiting, of sports car aces Jim Kinberly and Briggs Cunningham, whose very last cars—a 4.4 Ferrari and a D-Jaguar respectively—never really got a chance to show what they could do.

INEVITABLE HAMBLES

There were the inevitable hambles, too. John Fitch, late of Germany's Mercedes team, had a close brush with disqualification when his production Corvette was found to be weighted for better traction in an acceleration run. Frank Zirbes, of Fairview Park, Ohio, finishing eighth in the flying mile for production sports cars in his Thunderbird, was switched post factum to the Modified Sports Car class when his car was ruled to be not a strictly production model, and surprisingly found him-

self finishing second there (to Arkus-Dantow's tail-finned Corvette).

But the biggest hassle of all was totally unexpected—and, for a while, seemed likely to be totally final. On the night before the climactic Grand National race, 1,000 teen-ages hot-rodders suddenly went berserk and stood the town of Daytona Beach on its ear. From informal drag races they went on to a rock-throwing, fire-shaking, window-breaking rampage which quickly overwhelmed the local police force and terrified residents and visitors alike. It was not until National Guard troops with loaded carbines arrived that the mob was brought under control.

A cynic—or a psychologist—might say that after a week of frustration followed by a week of violent speed the mob outbreak of youngsters was hardly surprising. For most of the 82,000 who trooped out to watch Tim Flock win the next day, it was almost a forgotten incident. As for Flock's victory, it would live for a year—but the fire lit in Detroit by the Corvette-Thunderbird duel are likely to burn brightly for a long and suspenseful time.

Despite its troubles with wind, tides and mobs, this year's week of speed at Daytona was another great success, both from the industry and the spectator standpoint. Yet one thing persisted to mar the colorful picture—cheating. As SI pointed out a year ago (March 14), if competition in automotive events are to win and hold the full respect of the sporting public, they must riden up their mixture with some high-test honesty. **(S.S.)**

WINNER IN ACCELERATION, CHUCK DAIGH'S SLEEK BLACK THUNDERBIRD GETS THE SIGNAL FOR THE START OF THE STANDING MILE TEST



NASCAR RESULTS

CRONATIONAL STOCK CAR RACE—160 miles (race ended after 132 miles). Late Model Stock Cars—Winner: Tim Flock, 1956 Chrysler 380B—qualifying speed 155.747; 86.83 mph average; Second: Billy Myers, 1956 Mercury; Third: Ralph Moody, 1956 Ford.

MIDWEST NATIONAL CONVERTIBLE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE—160 miles. Late Model Convertibles—Winner: Curtis Turner, 1954 Ford—net qualified; 96.11 mph average; Second: Glenn Roberts, 1956 Ford; Third: Herb Thomas, 1956 Chevrolet.

SPORTSMAN AND MODIFIED STOCK CAR RACE—125 miles—Winner: Tim Flock, 1956 Chevrolet, Oldsmobile fuel-injection—qualifying speed 137.489; 88.41 mph average; Second: Glen Wood, '48 Ford Sportsman; Third: Billy Myers, '57 Ford Sportsman.

FLYING MILE RACE (modified, northbound and average times)

IDEAL 4-CYCLER RACE—Class 7—Over 330 Cubic Inches—Tim Flock, Atlanta, Ga. '56 Chrysler 380B, 143.914, 136.063, 129.373; Vird Wood, Detroit, Mich. '56 Chrysler 380B, 143.827, 129.126, 136.981; Warren Kuehling, Miami, Fla. '56 Chrysler 380B, 132.732, 123.413, 128.068.

Class 5—385 to 350 Cubic Inches—Darryl Eames, Manhattan Beach, Calif. '56 Dodge D-360, 138.098, 128.286, 130.577; Nicky Griffin, Detroit, Mich. '56 Mercury, 131.888, 119.840, 125.567; Billy Myers, Germantown, N.C. '56 Mercury, 128.283, 121.895, 124.903.

Class 3—329 to 385 Cubic Inches—Murray Hartley, Erie, Pa. '56 Chevrolet, 128.893, 116.345, 121.335; Raymond Palmer Jr., Saluda, S.C. '56 Chevrolet, 123.414, 115.346, 119.243; Joe Weatherly, Norfolk, Va. '56 Ford, 121.704, 114.798, 128.393.

Class 4—213 to 259 Cubic Inches—Frieda Hermann, Detroit, Mich. '56 Ford, 94.089, 86.897, 89.131.

LADIES CLASS U.S. PRODUCTION PASSENGER CARS—Vird Wood, Detroit, Mich. '56 Chrysler 380B, 143.827, 129.126, 136.981; Nicky Griffin, Detroit, Mich. '56 Mercury, 131.888, 119.840, 125.567; Frieda Hermann, Detroit, Mich. '56 Ford, 94.089, 86.897, 89.131.

U.S. PRODUCTION SPORTS CARS—John Flock, Stamford, Conn. '56 Chevrolet Corvette, 154.972, 137.293, 145.343; Betty Stelton, Water Bayon, Fla. '56 Chevrolet Corvette, 143.846, 131.385, 137.773; Andrew Heiten, Dearborn, Mich. '56 Thunderbird, 143.821, 127.586, 134.494.

U.S. PRODUCTION MODIFIED SPORTS CARS—Zora Arzon-Dunbar, Grosse Pointe, Mich. '56 Chevrolet Corvette, 135.642, 129.888, 147.384.

PROTOTYPE CARS—Yara House, California. '56 Mercury, 135.931, 142.812, 147.388; Phil Walters, Hicksville, N.Y. '56 Plymouth Fury, 143.588, 129.917, 134.413.

EUROPEAN SPORTS CARS—Unlimited Class or Displacement—King Pender, Canton, Ohio. Alford K3, 169.226, 117.870, 111.111.

Under \$4,990 Delivered in New York—Howard J. Mewer, Ft. Wayne, Ind. '56 Jaguar XK140M/C, 134.738, 135.432, 134.879; Philip R. Biles, Palm Beach, Fla. '56 Austin-Healey, 129.125, 126.895, 128.089;

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continued on page 22

DREAM CARS

by NORMAN E. NICHOLSON

A FEW YEARS AGO, a tough competitor named James J. Nance deserted the electrical-appliance business to join the vanguard of American industry in Detroit. He hadn't been in the motor capital long when, understandably awed, he made a shrewd observation. "This is the most important business in the country," said Nance, now president of Studebaker-Packard Corporation, "but for all its super-subsidiariness, engineering know-how and manufacturing genius, it depends on the same kind of fickleness my wife shows when she buys a hat."

Motorists' fancies, indeed, are geared to customer caprice. At the annual model change, Detroit's yearly salute to planned obsolescence, the carmakers unveil their latest steel, glass, rubber, chrome and plastic creations with fantastic fanfare. A car is built to run well for years, but even before the customer's proud grin of new ownership can evaporate, the industry tries to make him dissatisfied all over again.

Before Pearl Harbor, Detroit generally restricted its customer goading until autumn, when the curtain traditionally parts on the recent four-wheeled editions. But these days, the industry can't resist the delight of getting ahead of itself. Instead of keeping the cars of the future in their secret back rooms, auto men, wise to the ways of mass appetite whetting, now let the car-buying public in on their exciting plans.

The teasing news is spread by the experimental or idea vehicle, popularly known as the dream car. These dazzling futuristic buggies are crowd magnets in scenes of auto shows, like General Motors' multimillion-dollar Motormania which opens in Los Angeles March 3 for a nine-day run. They also are seen in big city dealer exhibitions, state fairs and in less ambitious traveling displays which often wind up in individual retail showrooms. Mercury division of the Ford Motor Company expects 2 million people to see its XM-Turquoise Cruiser (opposite page), which early this month, after a number of auto show exhibitions, starts out on a seven-month, 15,000-mile coast-to-coast junket. It will be displayed in a \$50,000 "Van-O-Rama," a mobile showcase with 20-foot glass picture windows on either side.

Dream cars, outside of their obvious sales promotional and public relations value (showmanship-conscious auto men say they would be worth the investment on this score

alone), have accomplished many things. Not the least of these is to boost the morale of the automotive stylist, a relative newcomer to prominence in an industry long dominated by engineers, production experts, financial wizards and master salesmen.

Virgil M. Exner, the slim, silver-haired director of styling for Chrysler Corporation who is credited with the design that sparked Chrysler's dramatic 1955 comeback, stresses this "inspirational value" to his staff. Exner also points out that having a futuristic car that can actually be seen, touched and even driven, not only conditions the public to expect progress but has "educational importance" in the stylist's dealings with top management.

George W. Walker, the freewheeling, luxury-loving Ford vice-president in charge of styling, bubbles over with ideas, after permitting his visitors to recover from the shock of walking on thousands of dollars worth of black-dyed mutton which covers the entire floor of his otherwise nearly pure-white office. "Experimental cars," says he, "are libraries for hot ideas. It's important to have cars made up full-size so our people can see them in true perspective. Remember, a lot of the lozenges we're all after has to be a visual effect, because I don't figure people ever are going to be willing to lie on their stomachs to drive a car."

General Motors, which pioneered the dream car parade with its famed "Y Job" in 1938 (it had fender extensions over the doors, electrically actuated convertible top and door windows, tail lamps recessed in rear fenders), emphasized the opportunity afforded by its experimental models to sample public opinion in advance of production. As Harley J. Earl, GM's early vice-president in charge of styling, put it: "There was a time when we in General Motors styling felt we had to hold back on some of our design ideas because the public wasn't ready for them yet. In the showing of dream cars about the nation, however, we learned that the public's thinking in automobile design was ahead

continued on page 54

THE FACE OF THE FUTURE

Many-eyed and beetle-browed, the Mercury Turquoise Cruiser (top), the Chrysler Flight Sweep II and the Buick Centurian (bottom) typify the automobiles which tomorrow's car owner will face and drive. For more dream cars, see following pages.





GM FIREBIRD II

GM's first roadable car powered by gas turbine engine has goals for horsepower fuel behind the rear wheels. Unlike Firebird I, this titanium-bodied model emits exhaust fumes at normal temperatures, is able to raise public road with safety. Height 55 inches, length 215 inches.



BUICK CENTURY

TV owners in the tail view the road behind this 305-hp Fiberglass coupe and transmits view to the dashboard screen, replacing rearview mirror. Center-mounted steering column adds leg room for driver; a cantilever arm positions the wheel. Height 54 inches, length 215 inches.





CHRYSLER FALCON

Sports car styling ideas as Chrysler takes shape in short-wheelbase two-seater that boasts suspension system patterned after competition cars. With automatic transmission and power door-closes, heater, advert is on luxury touring, not racing. Height 31 inches, length 182 inches.

MERCURY XM-TURNPIKE CRUISER

Roof hatch flips up as door opens, to permit easy entry into car designed "to complement mood and flow of the modern American highway." Visual release channels end in glass taillights. "Impact" bar (not bumper, please) protects rear end. Height 53 inches, length 221 inches.





CHRYSLER FLIGHT SWEEP 1

Tapered nose and upswipt rear-fender line of this convertible reflect Chrysler's admiration for the dart-shaped look of jet fighters and racing boats. The controls for transmission, heater, radio and lights lie between bucket-type front seats. Height 35½ inches, length 207 inches.



PACKARD PREDICTOR

Roll-back roof down, disappearing headlights and electric push-button transmission are features of this pearl-white hardtop coupe which is powered by six-cylinder 374-cubic-inch V-8 engine. Front seats swivel outward when passengers alight. Height 34 inches, length 225 inches.



FORD MYSTERE

Bubble-type canopy of Ford's idea entry, with a protruding air scoop, is most extreme example of the tendency to observation-car styling. Rear compartment is designed to accommodate either gas turbine or the conventional piston engine. Height 33 inches, length 228 inches.

DREAM CARS

continued from page 17

of ours, more than behind 2 million persons see our experimental cars each year in the Motormans alone. They talk about them, they say what they like—and what they don't like. And we listen, very carefully."

Just how carefully GM listens is demonstrated by the 15 research specialists from its customer research department which this giant of the industry sends out to each Motorman showing. These experts conduct about 2,500 ten-minute interviews on dream cars in each city, forwarding the answer sheets each day directly to Detroit.

Serious as auto makers are about obtaining the public's opinions, it can't honestly be said that the public designs the car of the future. But the dream car helps because, primarily, the customer's power over styling is a negative one. The average motorist can't design an automobile, but he can apply a mighty veto, to which the ghosts of 2,500 makes of cars no longer in existence bear mute testimony.

"We don't try to push the public," says Ford's Mr. Walker wisely, "we try to lead them."

Ideally, an auto company likes to have about 36 months in which to give birth to a new automobile, from drawing board conception to production line. But the average period of gestation usually is a little more than two years. The industry, slowly but certainly, is heading for a two-year, rather than the usual three-year, model change-over, and the intervening face-lifts—unless the law of supply and demand is repealed—will tend to become major ones, not mere lipstick jobs. Because the nation's shortage of steel and die-making facilities forces years-ahead planning for these changes, the current crop of dream cars reveals many features already undergoing tooling for actual production.

Ever says public reaction to most dream cars comes too late to alter "areas of major tooling already under way when the idea-car is shown." But response to comfort features, gimmicks and interior design definitely comes in time for immediate application to an upcoming production model, he says.

The Chrysler stylist, a former Studebaker man, says his company has a different idea-car approach. "Every car we've built has been runnable and producible, with one exception," he says. "We don't believe in the Bark Rogerish, splash type dream car. Our way of doing it has limited us in some

ways, but we think it's more practical even though our models cost more than the mock-up, pure show car."

Chrysler, until recent years the most conservative car builder in the industry, may well be credited with the inadvertent creation of the first real modern-age dream car—the Chrysler and DeSoto Airflow. The Airflow popped out, in depression 1934, as an unsuspecting public accustomed to shoe-hug curves in its new car looks. The Airflow, sadly, was a commercial flop, far too radical for a country which flows careful evolution, not revolution, in its new automobiles. But it did some important pioneering. The engine was moved forward, with the fenders, hood and radiator grille becoming nearly a single component. The trouble with the Airflow was that it was a production car too soon. It should have been a dream car first.

With a few notable exceptions (Studebaker and Kaiser are prime examples) the early postwar period was a time of major engineering rather than

really was a dream car in the Corvette sense, but Ford did show it to the public six months before actual output. The purpose was not to sample public reaction, of course, but to steal sales from the Corvette. Cadillac is returning the favor by displaying its snazzy Brougham months before production so that would-be Continental buyers will have something to ponder. Chrysler still declines to enter this type of big league play contest, preferring to offer souped-up versions of its standard cars, like the Chrysler 360-B, to the high-performance fans.

Although styling has been the big noise in the array of experimental show cars, engineering has not been ignored, particularly in GM's two Firebirds powered by gas turbine engines, which represent the next really major mechanical advance in automobiles. If metallurgical problems can be licked (the big headache), not enough heat-resistant metals for volume output, Detroit will be ready to produce gas turbines for cars in five years. One way or another,



CHRYSLER'S AIRFLOW, put into production in 1934 with design radically ahead of its time, was a sales flop, bolstering belief that public would not accept such changes.

major styling advances. Automatic transmissions, high compression V-8 engines, power brakes and power steering were the talked-about features. But Cadillac's then-controversial tail fins were making automotive news, and in 1961 GM's LeSabre became one of the most influential experimental vehicles, heralding the panoramic windshield three years before it became a reality on 1964 GM production cars. Thevelte LeSabre also had pronounced tail fins well before most of the industry started selling upwept rear ends.

Chrysler's Corvette was first shown as a dream car in 1963 and response was so favorable it was cranked into production. Ford's Thunderbird never

you should be able to buy one in 10 years.

It is common knowledge that the 1957 models, due next fall, will mean another far-sweeping switch in motor car design. A careful study of the 1954 dream cars reveals many clues about what Detroit has in store for the motorist. Among other features: a general lowering of cars, with eventual roof cutouts for easy access, and some startling rear-end treatments, including rear fenders that flare outward at a sharp angle.

"These so-called dream cars," says George Walker, "aren't futuristic as they look. Stick around for a year or two and we'll prove it." **END**

In college basketball, a week of balmy promise for some
top tournament-hungry teams ended in confusion on

BLACK SATURDAY

by ROY TERRELL

IT ALL BEGAN peacefully enough, one of those nice pleasant weeks toward the end of any basketball season when the birds are singing, shots drop softly through the nets with a soothing swish and tournament bids float into the mailbox with a happy, spring-like flutter.

True, there existed a certain amount of confusion in the ranks of teams pointed toward the NIT, Louisville, for example, lost to Eastern Kentucky which then lost to Dayton which had beaten Xavier the week before just a few days after Xavier had defeated Louisville which, in turn, had just won over Dayton. Also, somewhere in there, Xavier beat Eastern Kentucky too, which brought up another point: what business was it of Eastern Kentucky's in the first place since no one had even invited them to the NIT?

But those things were hardly worth a second glance. Across the country, peace and promise prevailed. Southern Methodist, called the Southwest Conference's team of destiny, clinched a championship and moved serenely into the playoff brackets of the NCAA. Kansas State thumped two foes, including challenging Iowa State, and assumed a lead in the Big Seven. San Francisco remained undefeated and extended its consecutive victory record through 47 games. Utah disposed of Brigham Young for the second time, anchoring the Skyline Eight crown more firmly than ever on its head. And UCLA's Bruins, the last team to beat San Francisco (Dec. 11, 1954), continued to dine on Pacific Coast Conference opposition while licking their chops in anticipation of another crack at the defending NCAA champions in the first round of this year's playoffs.

Then, as it must each week, even to basketball coaches, came Saturday.

Illinois, No. 2 in the nation, unbeaten in the Big Ten, the beautifully balanced team which Midwesterners said could stop San Francisco, couldn't even stop Robin Freeman. Two weeks earlier Illinois humiliated Ohio State 111-64 and held Freeman to 12 points, his lowest in two years. Saturday night

avengeful Freeman confounded the Illini with 43 points, beat them 87-84 and dropped them back into a tie with Iowa for the Big Ten lead.

North Carolina State, pride of the Atlantic Coast Conference and the team which Southerners said could stop San Francisco, discovered it would probably never get the chance. The reason was Ron Shavlik, State's marvelous scorer and rebounder who seemed on his way to an All-American let as fast as his 6 feet 8 inches could carry him. But Saturday as State beat Wake Forest and, as favorite, prepared for the conference tournament, Shavlik broke his wrist. The prognosis: six weeks in a cast and no championship.

Kentucky, Southeastern Conference champion 11 times since 1943 and the team a coach named Adolph Rupp said would ease as heck stop San Francisco, faced a pleasant task—beat Alabama and then begin getting ready for the NCAA. But Coach Rupp proved a fallible prophet when Alabama walloped the Wildcats 101-77. This was nice for 'Bama since they remained unbeaten in conference play but it also posed another problem: Jerry Harper, who scored 57 points against Kentucky, and his four starting teammates played variety basketball as freshmen and are thus ineligible in senior year for post-

season competition under NCAA rules.

Tough? Well, there was lots of company. Columbia, leading in the Ivy League race, was bounced out of first place by also-ran Cornell. Houston, after clinching a tie for the Missouri Valley title, lost to Wichita and found itself facing a possible playoff for the NCAA bid it once had as securely wrapped up. George Washington and West Virginia, Southern Conference leaders, took a breather before tournament time—and both lost by nearly 20 points to nonconference foes. Temple, beaten only once all season and with a tournament gleam in its eye, lost to both St. Joseph's and Duquesne.

The birds were still singing but at week's end the baskets weren't swishing quite so smoothly.

Southwest SMU, with an NCAA berth safely stored away, hit 18 of 41 free throws to beat Arkansas 94-72 and run its conference record to 11-0. One more victory and the versatile Mustangs can become the first Southwest Conference team since Texas in 1947 to finish the season unbeaten in league play. The Border Conference, which will furnish SMU's first-round NCAA opponent, was in a three-way snarl involving creaky leader Texas Tech (beaten twice during the week), Texas Western and New Mexico A&M.

East. Dartmouth, pressure on Ivy League favorite, finally made it to the top after a bumbling start by beating Brown and Penn while Columbia and Princeton were losing. Duquesne, defending NIT champ which has had its troubles most of the season, began to make noise like a possible two-straight winner by beating Fordham, Villanova and Temple. Seton Hall and Niagara, two other NIT entries, and NCAA-bound Holy Cross and Canisius scored easily, but St. Francis, unbeaten through its first 18 games, ran into trouble and lost two in a row before finally beating weak Siena by one point at week's end.

RESULTS OF 100 LEADING COLLEGE BASKETBALL GAMES

EAST	WEST	MIDWEST	SOUTHWEST
Georgetown 60, Duke 57	San Francisco 87, Illinois 84	Bradley 44, Ohio A&M 43	Temple 66, Bradley 53
Cornell 49, Yale 41	Utah 61, Texas 51	Cincinnati 60, Ohio 51	San Diego 51, Loyola 43
Colgate 13, Syracuse 17	Arizona 67, Kansas 51	Dayton 51, Indiana 41	San Jose 51, Texas A&M 41
UCLA 66, Michigan 56	Duke 51, Va. 39	Indiana 41, Va. 39	Wichita 51, Baylor 41
Marquette 56, Penn 50	San Francisco 87, Iowa 84	Wichita 51, Va. 39	Wichita 51, Baylor 41
Duquesne 67, Fordham 45	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84
Princeton 66, Yale 51	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84
Georgetown 60, Duke 57	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84
UCLA 66, Michigan 56	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84
Marquette 56, Penn 50	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84
Duquesne 67, Fordham 45	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84
Princeton 66, Yale 51	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84
Georgetown 60, Duke 57	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84
UCLA 66, Michigan 56	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84
Marquette 56, Penn 50	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84
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Duquesne 67, Fordham 45	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84
Princeton 66, Yale 51	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84
Georgetown 60, Duke 57	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84
UCLA 66, Michigan 56	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84
Marquette 56, Penn 50	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84
Duquesne 67, Fordham 45	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84
Princeton 66, Yale 51	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84
Georgetown 60, Duke 57	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84	St. Francis 87, Wake 84
UCLA 66, Michigan 56	St. Francis		

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Standings of the Associated Press nation's poll)
Team standings this week, along with points to paragonize.

	Points
1—San Francisco (16)	1,543
2—Illinois (12)	1,145
3—Dayton (10)	684
4—Alabama (10)	649
5—North Carolina State (1)	582
6—Louisville (1)	555
7—Vanderbilt (1)	395
8—North Carolina (1)	377
9—Southern Methodist (1)	361
10—Iowa (1)	339

RUNNERS-UP: 11, Duke (6); 12, Kentucky (4); 13, UCLA (1); 14, Temple (1); 15, Holy Cross (1).

Far West. While others plotted how to overthrow San Francisco in the playoffs, the Ducks kept breezing. Most recent victim was Santa Clara (59-44) as Bill Russell scored 29 points and on defense so befuddled the opposition that Santa Clara trailed 63-28 when he left the game. UCLA (12-0) and California (10-2) face a two-game showdown Friday and Saturday to settle the Pacific Coast Conference standings and there were few willing to bet the Northerners could turn the trick. UCLA's latest was a 108-59 victory over Oregon which set a conference-scoring record. Utah's 82-77 victory over Brigham Young left the Utes with a 9-4 record and a comfortable lead for the final race to the wire. Idaho State won its fourth straight Rocky Mountain championship with two easy victories over Colorado College and also won a NCAA berth opposite independent Seattle. The latter, making a Midwest swing in celebration of the 50th anniversary, was soundly trounced by Dayton but regained some prestige with a 70-63 victory over Oklahoma City, another NCAA entry.

Midwest. Illinois' startling loss to Ohio State and Iowa's overtime victory over Minnesota the same night left the two tied at 10-1 for the Big Ten lead and placed the issue squarely on the line in a nationally televised Saturday afternoon (March 3) game between the two at Iowa City. Kansas State, 8-2 after victories over Nebraska and dangerous Iowa State, now had to worry only about Colorado (5-3). Houston, its Missouri Valley season completed with a 9-3 record, faces a playoff with St. Louis (5-3) if the latter can get past Oklahoma A&M Saturday night.

South. Alabama's victory over Kentucky, after Kentucky had first disposed of Vanderbilt, just about wound up the Southeastern Conference race. But two other major conferences, the Atlantic Coast and Southern, were just getting ready to start playing basketball. Ignoring the results of a long season, each league prepared for an eight-team tournament March 1 to 3 to settle its champion. In the ACC the favorite was North Carolina (11-3) after North Carolina State (11-3) lost Ron Shafer. In the Southern, George Washington and West Virginia (each 10-2) expected to fight it out for the title.

(E.N.D.)

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SPORT IN ART

PATRIARCHAL GAMES

In the 17th century the stylish gentry of Europe enjoyed many diversions—some ancient even then—which are played today

Among the oldest games devised for the pleasurable spending of man's leisure hours are those seen on these pages in paintings by two master artists of the 17th century—Pieter de Hooch of Holland and Mathieu Le Nain of France. Flourishing as a sport in the social circles of the upper classes in the 1600s, bowling dates at least to the 13th century. Card playing has been a pastime enjoyed in Europe for the past 600 years, and backgammon was written of by Chaucer and played by the Greeks and Romans.

In the charming formal garden at the right, de Hooch has painted fashionable citizens of Amsterdam at a casual game of Dutch skittles. Far more delicate than modern American bowling, the object of this game is to knock down the crowned center "king" pin without disturbing the "subjects," a feat requiring considerable skill. De Hooch's dramatic handling of the glow of sunshine, for which he is famous, and the intensely personal feeling he injected into his work is again seen in another of his canvases, the striking interior genre scene on the following page. The coquettish lady sitting before the fireplace is playing a two-handed round of cards with a gentleman in a richly handsome room while another ancient game—romance—flourishes in the background.

An artist of the same period, Le Nain came under the influence of the painters from the Netherlands who were in Paris during the mid-1600s, and worked in much the same style. An outstanding example of this is his picture of two dashing cavaliers—plumed hats, fine doublets and all—playing the French version of backgammon, called tric-trac in imitation of the sound the dice make in the cup.

THE GAME OF SKITTLES
by **PETER DE HOOCH**

Courtesy Art Museum





JOUEURS DE CARTES
by PIETER DE HOOCH

In drawing room of elegance in 17th century
Netherlands a lady enjoys a game of cards.

Artist: Pieter de Hooch

JOUEURS DE TRIC-TRAC
by MATTHIEU IL MAIN

Trictrac, one of the most ancient games,
was popular with the men of Europe.



SNOW PATROL

COMPILED BY MONT LUND

FAR WEST

Sagehen Valley, Calif. Windy snow brought excellent skiing. Flying Saucer and Rocked down. Chairlift trails have two feet of light powder. All lifts open in spite of heavy snow. Chairs required on all areas north. LS 95, US 95, TD 31, TW 14, CW 1,900, CW 2,000. CL—Good. TW 1.

Sugar Bowl, Calif. Snowfall down. Ski lift open to top two hill last weekend. New hire are Italian giant short ski poles. LS 100, US 249 to 400, TD 12, TW 12, CD 600, CW 600.

Edinboro, Calif. Thirty inches of new powder snow skiing excellent. LS 94, US 104, CW 2,000.

El. Baldy, Calif. Sking only fair on South Slope and Robin. LS 9, US 6 to 16, TD 5, TW 4, CD 600, CW 1,200. CL—Kaiser's deal.

Tyranis, Calif. Sking excellent with deep powder snow. Nevada West. Skiers interested in ski race. LS 91, US 131, TD 25, TW 10, CD 450, CW 3,000.

Mojo, Nevada Snow and high winds closed roads during snow. Ski area back to normal. LS 190 to 390, US 189 to 163, TD 10, TW 10.

Mo. Head, Calif. Continued snowfall. Head Magic. Ski lift open. Sking between Gert. Camp and Timberline. At Timberline LS 200, US 370, TD 32, TW 10, CD 300, CW 1,300.

El. Baker, Wash. Heavy snowfall has made sking difficult. For experts, snow in parked areas on Austin Bowl and Pinedale Hill. All lifts operating. Avalanche danger has closed all touring trails. Snow at record levels. LS 200, TD 20, TW 16, CW 600.

Stevens Pass, Wash. Sking good in spite of recent heavy snowfall. Powderhouse Downhill postponed until March 4. LS 170 to 175, TD 1, TW 10 to 15, CW 3,000.

Sequoia National Park, Wash. Sking like last weekend. Breakable crust on upper trails. Chairs required on several trails. LS 150 to 180, TD 5 to 8, TW 10 to 20, CD 300, CW 3,000.

Sierra Mt. B.C., Calif. Heavy snow forced area to shut up chair-lift system for skiers who all had to park a mile from lift. Biggest snow pack in 12 years. Sking excellent on trails. Snow at reported apex. LS 70 to 100, US 102 to 150, TD 45, CD 200, CW 1,300.

WEST

San Valley, Idaho Twenty-inch snowfall early in week closed all lifts. Snow opened

LS—depth of snow on lower slopes. US—depth of snow on upper slopes. TD—total snowfall during the week. TW—total snowfall during the weekend. CD—closed during the week. CW—closed during the weekend. CL—closed lifts, trails or slopes

after snowmelt and a release hazard passed. Weekend sking was the best of the year with a thousand skiers on Baldy last Sunday. Lifts in parks have are Italian for-lifted lifts. Valley season extended to April 5. On Baldy US 91, Roundhouse 70, On Dollar US 45, valley 300 to 250, TW 2, TW 2.

Alpine, Calif. Red Mountain had 12 to 15 inches of packed powder last week. Skiers of area were also excellent. LS 24 to 30, US 39 to 38, TD 12 to 15, TW 3 to 4, CD 600, CW 400.

Arroyo Viejo, Calif. Snow and winds caused trail and head pack on upper slopes. Lower slopes had packed snow last weekend. LS 77, US 60, TD 6, CD 500, CW 300.

Hidden Valley, Calif. Biggest weekend crowds of season found excellent sking. LS 27 to 42, US 70 to 77, TD 6, TW 2, CW 4,000. CL—Trail Mo. 2.

Brighton, Utah Excellent sking. One-day attendance records set over Washington's Birthday. LS 85, US 131, TD 12, TW 5, CD 3,000, CW 4,700.

Alta, Utah Heavy powder made sking good on all trails. Lifts open. Skiing excellent. Lifts on top of slopes. Head Magic beginning to compete with Head Magic. LS 140, US 145, TD 25, TW 11, CD 1,300, CW 1,000, CL—Grumpy Hall.

Barst, Alta. Snow during week improved sking, but upper slopes still fairly rough last weekend. LS 125, US 25, TD 13, TW 2, CD 300, CW 1,000.

MIDWEST

Boyne Mt. Mich. Weekend snow covered previous sheet snow damage. Skis still suspended in Michigan State championships. LS 7 to 5, US 10 to 11, TD 1, TW 1, CD 270, CW 200.

Gabriola, Mich. Conditions good after new snow over weekend. California weekend a favorite ski people here. LS 20, US 14, CD 400, CW 4,000.

EAST

Stowe, Vt. Rain followed by three left area with poor to fair sking last weekend. Expert technique needed for intermediate on an upper mountain. Cover still adequate. Biggest week of season with college crowd getting good sking over Washington's Birthday. Sking good up with headwind in vogue with the fast set. LS 20, US 42, CD 2,000, CW 2,000, CL—9-02.

Mad River Glen, Vt. Ice conditions closed upper trails last weekend. Skiers lined up at ski

shop's edge-sharpening machine. Lower trails improved after being worked over by snow machine. LS 22, US 14, CD 500, CW 1,300.

Mt. Snow, Vt. Lifts last week good and hard base and are perfect over weekend. Sking good. Snow left area with good sking. LS 14 to 20, US 20 to 25, TD 2, TW 2.

Big Bromley, Vt. Base had up under heavy rain, but underneath freeze left hard base. Thawed snow. Sking good. Skiers by skiers. With Lift Skier of Dartmouth taking first. Eastern Women's Alpine Championships here March 2-4. LS 7 to 8, US 7 to 25, TD 10, TW 0, CD 3,000, CW 3,000.

Hugobush, Vt. Lift sking by lift and conditions good to fair. LS 7 to 35, US 7 to 25, TD 2, TW 2, CD 300, CW 1,300.

Whitcomb, N.Y. Rain changing to snow left area with dry spot last weekend. Jack Skier of New York State Skier's Association. Keanie Trophy combined title. LS 12 to 24, US 20 to 40, TD 2, CD 300, CW 1,000.

Lake Placid, N.Y. Some ice on local slopes over weekend. Conditions during week excellent. North American bodied championships, and long time ski and skating championships. LS 10 to 21, US 22 to 30, TD 2, TW 2.

Bellevue, N.Y. Sking had under rain which left area with better snow. David Hill and Lisa Yoneman won Bellevue downhill races. LS 7 to 10, US 7 to 20, CD 700, CW 3,000.

Seven Ridge, N.Y. Five-inch snowfall last weekend covered previous snow damage. Skier Ridge ski Club won Olympic team trophy. LS 22, US 40, TD 2, TW 1, CD 250, CW 1,300.

El. Tremont, Que. Weekend rain left hard crust on trails but snowfall good. Sking by skiers. Head Instructor Ernie McCulloch using ski-cue technique to keep weight off sprained knee. LS 12 to 16, US 20, TD 2, TW 2, CD 1,400, CW 1,300. CL—Flying Mile.

Lac Beauport, Que. Snow tractor was used to break up frozen surface last weekend. Skiers good. LS 20 to 22, US 20 to 30, TD 2, TW 1, CD 2,500, CW 450.

Mont. Jasper, Que. Rain and had left granular base last weekend. LS 27, US 44, TD 6, TW 6, CD 1,200, CW 450.

Eastern. Sage Rapids, N.H. As Granmore, icy conditions closed to by north-bound behind snow tractor. Sking fair except for some icy sections. Conditions broke seven-day attendance record. LS 11 to 25, US 14 to 20, TD 2, TW 2, CD 4,000, CW 3,000.

Canmore, Mt. N.Y. Good snow during rain. Sking, but falling temperatures led mountain, wind all lifts to close. Skier stayed open. National Junior championships in all four events here March 3 to 4. George Marston took Northwest Giant Slalom. LS 1 to 21, US 3 to 30, TD 1, TW 2, CD 3,500, CW 2,200.

Bullock, N.Y. Rain during weekend made sking hard up last. Skiers charged. Three Skier, Quebec, took U.S.A.A. slalom A jump. Art Skier second. Skier Dier was class B. Bill Trudgop, veteran class, Richard Osgood of UNK took cross-country. Joe Skier was combined winner.

SKI TIP

By FRIEDL PFEIFER

Coach, U.S. Olympic Team

A SOLEMN WARNING ON THE DANGERS OF AVALANCHES AND A FEW TIPS ON SPOTTING THE BASIC CONDITIONS FROM WHICH THEY CAN DEVELOP



FRIEDL PFEIFER

It is natural that as a skier becomes more proficient he will travel to bigger mountains and steeper slopes. In due course, he may get to sections of ski country where the danger of avalanches must be taken into consideration. Of course, as long as he is in an organized ski area, he knows that snow conditions will be watched by the ski patrol or forest rangers. These men either explode dangerous accumulations of snow or set up restricted areas during the danger. All the skier has to do is keep posted. In an unorganized area, however, the

skier is on his own. He would do well to travel with skiers experienced in the detection of avalanche conditions. Contrary to popular opinion, a slope need not be steep in order for a slide to get started. Skiers have occurred on 15° slopes and it does not take much of a slide to bury a man.

If you are skiing avalanche country, there are certain things you can watch for. The greatest slide danger occurs after a heavy snowfall, particularly if the temperature is rising. This may cause even old accumulations of snow to slide.

Another unstable condition arises when strong winds have built up great cornice on the ridges. These cornices are liable to break off under their own weight.

The danger can sometimes be detected in the way the snow lies on a slope. If it rises in the middle to make a saucer shape, then keep off. The best rule is to follow the ridges and to traverse only slopes with low or no cornice.

Don't entirely trust trees to shield you from slides. An avalanche can go through a very thick forest once it gets started.

SPRING TRAINING CAMPS

continued from page 21

skens loaded on the trucks and started for Union Station, along with medical supplies packed by Trainer Bob Bauman. Then both Yatkeman and Bauman went home to start picking their own bags.

Two days later Yatkeman, Bauman, Ward and Ned Mitchell, a railroad man, were having breakfast together at the Morrison Cafeteria in St. Petersburg, Florida, and Ward was saying carefully: "I've got the feeling that this ball club can go all the way. I've got the same feeling I had in 1942 when we were 10½ games behind in August and then went all the way to win."

to his friend, the late Connie Mack, turned and saw him and let out a whoop. "Oh, my," he cried, "who left the gate open! Look who got in!"

Ward walked up and said, "I don't want any trouble with you this year, Uncle Al!"

Lang quickly applied a headlock to Ward and began massaging his hair. "Oh, my," he exclaimed, "look at that bald spot! Oh, ain't his hair coming out lovely though?"

Freeing himself, Ward greeted the others and then turned back to Al Lang: "What's going to be done about the open space up there?"

"And I thought," Ward went on, "that you had reformed. But I see that you're just as ornery as ever."

Lang raised his head happily and declared: "Yes, I am!"

The Americans concluded, the four men got down to cases and Superintendent of Parks Hill agreed to transplant some trees that would close in the gap that worried Frank Lane and at the same time preserve Al Lang's promise to the neighbors.

Ward went back to the Bainbridge Hotel and ordered the refrigerator in room 218, the press room, stocked with cold cuts, cheese and Budweiser beer. Then he took possession of suite 312 for the Cardinal office and hired a local girl as secretary and put her to work preparing the first expense checks that would be distributed to the players after the first workout.

Later in the afternoon the phone rang in Ward's room. The caller was Charlie Parke, the pitcher from Texas. He had arrived, found a motel, didn't know exactly where it was. He put the landlady on the phone, and she gave the street address and also said that the Parkers were a fine young couple and that she would take good care of them. Ward thanked her very much.

Next morning, spring training day minus one, Ward was having breakfast in the hotel coffee shop when a tall, broad-shouldered man with curly black hair walked slowly up to the table. He looked like perfect casting for a western movie hero. He introduced himself to Ward as Fred Hutchinson. This was the new Cardinal manager, the ex-time Detroit pitcher (and manager) who had won the Pacific Coast League pennant at Seattle last year. Hutchinson accepted Ward's invitation to sit down and have a cup of coffee and then he inquired about the heater and the open space in center field. Ward reassured him on both points.

Meanwhile, at the clubhouse, Butch Yatkeman finished distributing uniforms in the lockers and placed a carton of Beecham chewing gum on the desk in Manager Hutchinson's office. Then he posted a mimeographed roster which listed among the players "Gusie Busch (the club owner), outfielder, 1935 club—Petaluma." Petaluma is a street in St. Louis on which a number of the Anheuser-Busch brewery buildings stand.

That evening, outside Hotel Bainbridge, it suddenly seemed that everybody was there: coaches Johnny Hopp, Terry Moore and Bill Powell; Billy Jargus, the great infielder retained as a special instructor; Walker Cooper,



PROUD OF HIS PRIZES. Rookie Infielder Don Bladigore (left), and Outfielder Jack Brandt, General Manager Lane lets spring's optimism get the upper hand.

After breakfast Ward went to Al Lang Field, the ball park named for the former mayor of St. Petersburg who is known as "Florida's father of spring training" (he persuaded Branch Rickey to bring the St. Louis Browns to Florida in 1914). Ward looked up John Blair, the clubhouse man and groundskeeper, and was assured that a new gas heater was being installed. Blair added that Al Lang himself was out in center field with E. C. Robinson, the baseball chairman, and Boyd Hill, the superintendent of parks, discussing the open space in the center field wall that Frank Lane had sent the wire about. Ward went to join them.

As Ward approached, Al Lang, now 85 and bearing a strong resemblance

Before Robinson or Hill could say anything, Lang exploded: "Oh, what a lot of bunk! I never heard of any good hitters complaining about that open space. Nobody complains but the Albi Blues who can't hit the size of their hats! Those are the guys who keep complaining about little things like that. Now look here, Lee, when we built this park I gave my solemn word to the people of this neighborhood that we'd do nothing to obstruct their view of the water. No canvas can go up there if I'm going to keep my word."

Ward put his hands on his hips and looked at Lang. "Uncle Al," he said, "I heard you gave \$100,000 to the orphanage here last week."

Lang hung his head.

the catcher of the famous brother team, on the active list at 41; Joe Mathes, the chief scout; Walter Shannon, supervisor of minor league personnel; confident big leaguers like Ken Boyer laughing it up and slapping a coach on the back; deferential business standing around and taking it all big. There was speculation over a cloudy sky that could provide a dreadful antilemma by postponing the first workout.

A NEW MANAGER SPEAKS

But the sun was shining in the morning and at 12 o'clock the uniformed players (Charlie Purtle of Tensariana wearing No. 81) sat on the benches in the clubhouse and listened to Manager Fred Hutchinson's low-pressure remarks. Apologizing for any names he might mispronounce, Hutchinson read off the roster (he had quite a bit of trouble with Dick Cadeau, a catcher) and then explained that there would be one three-hour workout a day, "Don't overdo it right away," he said, "and don't hurt yourself either. You pitchers (Charlie Purtle sat up straight), go ahead and throw curve balls if you want. You're going to have one arm anyway; might as well get it over with. Just remember, all of you, you're here for a reason." Hutchinson looked around and then turned to Trainer Bauman: "You got anything to say, Bob?"

Bauman got up and said, "Well, I'll just say this—don't neglect blisters. A little mentholate on a blister today may prevent a bad infection later on. I guess that's all I've got to say right now."

Hutchinson then introduced his coaches and explained their assignments, and at 12:25 he said, "Well, let's go." The players filed out of the clubhouse and up the green walk over the bleacher wall and down onto the field. As their spikes dug into the grass, they broke into a trot and big league baseball's spring training was officially on for the 1966 season.

At home plate the sportswriters and club officials gathered around Frank Lane, the general manager, and after a minute 85-year-old Al Lang took a stance at the plate and shouted, "Oh, no, I'm ready right now—Frank Lane, you tell Schoendienst he'll have to move over; put me down for second base!" Then he suddenly clapped a hand to his forehead and cried, "Oh, I forgot! Don't you expect me to hit so good, Frank Lane? Oh, no, not until you get that open space fixed up in center field!"

"Pepper games!" yelled Fred Hutchinson suddenly, and the jogging players headed for the bats and balls. As the familiar sounds of wood on horsehide rose over the field for the first time, somebody in the grandstand hit into the first hot dog of the spring season, and at home plate the group of privileged observers began to drift to the sidelines, and soon the familiar virus was at work on them. Somebody had the word that Red Schoendienst (due to report with Stan Musial and the rest of the regulars a little later) had been taking eye exercises all winter and now was enjoying perfect vision. Another had late information to the effect that Pitcher Frank Snick, bothered with a sore arm last year, was

you got a new general manager who's one of the smartest men in the business, look what he did with the White Sox—and, man, doesn't it begin to figure?

Frank Lane modestly withdrew to a spot of shade. Looking ruggedly youthful (at 60) in his sports jacket and open-collared shirt, he shook his head.

"I've got to fight it," he said slowly. "I'm just as vulnerable to the high spirits around a training camp as anybody else. But, as general manager of this club, I've got to be realistic and look at the hard facts. Now, some people have said that last season the Cardinals were the greatest seventh-place ball club in history. Well, maybe I'd rather have the lowest first-place ball club in history."

He knist down and pulled out a blade of grass and nibbled at it. He stood up and thrust his hands in his pockets and spoke more forcefully.

"We've got a great manager in Fred Hutchinson—I just another great manager out of Seattle in Paul Richards. I told Mr. Busch when I nominated Hutchinson, I said, 'Mr. Busch, you can be sure that any manager I pick will be the best man for Frank Lane.' That's the way I look at Fred Hutchinson."

"But, as I say, a general manager can't let himself be carried away. Of course, there's no point in gloating over the fact that we've got some terrific young talent here. Now, in the normal course of development, these boys are infinitely better for this season. But what I sense in this camp, to a degree that I've rarely seen in all my years in baseball, is an attitude, a great attitude. That's the big thing if you're playing ball, preaching a sermon or selling shoes. It's the attitude that counts."

He seemed to be breathing a little faster now.

"But I've got to be realistic, as I said. I don't want to let myself get carried away here in camp. I don't want to say we're going to beat out Brooklyn and Milwaukee."

The new boss of the best seventh-place club in history looked across the infield at the sun-drenched panorama of young athletes throwing and hitting and fielding against a background of gently swaying palm trees and the blue waters of Tampa Bay. He opened his mouth and almost blurted something. Then he caught himself and by a great effort forced himself to face the hard facts of the National League race for 1966:

"The Cardinals," said Frank Lane, the realist, "will finish third." RMR



STUDY OF A MAN's long way from October: Cards' Manager Hutchinson.

in such terrific shape that he could throw a ball through a wood plank, loosely speaking. How, exploded a club man, could you do anything but upgrade the pitching with Wilmer (Vinegar Bend) Mizell back from the service, and Harvey Haddix, just on the law of averages alone, due for a great year after a below-par 12-and-16 record in 1965? Just use a little plain arithmetic, demanded the Schoendienst eye man, and what have you got? You got great youngsters like Ken Boyer, Bill Virden, Wally Moon and Alex Grammas with a year's, two years' major league experience behind them. On top of all that, you got a new manager who is bound to get the most out of his pitchers because he was a pitcher himself;

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NASCAR RESULTS

continued from page 17

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Under \$4,000 Delivered in New York—Fred Plotner, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. '56 Austin-Healey, 104,246, 88,728, 101,067.

Under 1,800 CC Displacement—Wm. J. Buf III, Red Bank, N.J. '56 Porsche, 102,841, 97,667, 104,621.

Under 75 Cubic Inches: John Bess, Shrewsbury, N.J. '56 Volkswagen, 79,963, 82,386, 87,568.

GRAND PRIX CLASS—Bill Holland, Indianapolis, Ind. 4.5-Liter Ford, 102,348, 144,658, 148,087.

ACCELERATION RUND, STANDING START

U.S. PRODUCTION PASSENGER CARS—Class 3

—Over 350 Cubic Inches—Brewster Shaw, Daytona Beach, Fla. '56 Chrysler 390S, 80,782; Warren Korchling, Miami, Fla. '56 Chrysler 300B, 79,903; Ed Williams, Pittsburgh, Ill. '56 Lincoln, 79,878.

Class 4—200 to 350 Cubic Inches—Darryl Eames, Manhattan Beach, Calif. '56 Dodge D-300, 81,798; Art Christman, Coonung, Calif. '56 Mercury, 81,086; Dean Martin, Daytona Beach, Fla. '56 Dodge D-300, 76,742.

Class 5—239 to 365 Cubic Inches—Ned E. Derler, Sherwood, Ohio '56 Chev. 81,282; James W. Unland, Allen Park, Miss. '56 Ford 361,844; Betty Skelton, Water Haven, Fla. '56 Chev., 80,896.

U.S. PRODUCTION SPORTS CARS—Chuck Patch, Long Beach, Calif. '56 Ford Thunderbird, 84,779; William Norbert, Chicago, Ill. '56 Ford Thunderbird, 87,886; John Fitch, Stamford, Conn. '56 Chev. Corvette, 84,872.

LADIES' SPORTS CARS—Betty Skelton, Water Haven, Fla. '56 Chev. Corvette, 81,281; Suzanne La Fountain, Highland, N.J. '56 Ford Thunderbird, 84,287.

U.S. MODIFIED SPORTS CARS—Zora Arkus-Danot, Grosse Pointe, Mich. '56 Chev. Corvair, 89,750; Frank L. Zylus, Fairview Park, Ohio '56 Ford Thunderbird, 82,251.

EUROPEAN AND 20 U.S. PRODUCTION SPORTS CARS—Unlimited Cost or Displacement—James H. Kinberly, Chicago, Ill. Ferrari 275, 88,825.

UNDER 1,000 DELIVERED IN NEW YORK

Paul C. McHenry, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. '56 Austin-Healey, 78,816.

UNDER 1,400 CC DISPLACEMENT—William Buff III, Red Bank, N.J. '56 Porsche, 72,618.

UNDER 1,000 INCHES DISPLACEMENT—John Bess, Shrewsbury, N.J. '56 Volkswagen, 78,681.

EUROPEAN GRAND CLASS—Foggy Cunningham, Hazletton Square, N.J. '56 Jaguar Mark VII, 67,128.

OVER 100 U.S. PASSENGER CARS—Richard Dwight Giffis, Lansing, Mich. '56 Buick Wildcat, 88,445; Charles Bell, Mansfield, Ohio '56 Ford Sta. Wgn., 71,221; Suzanne La Fountain, Highland, N.J. '56 Ford Sta. Wgn., 70,936.

FAST RACE—Jim Stephen, Savannah, Ga. 33 Fordster, 82,925; James Davis, Lorton, Va. '56 Ford, 78,328.

TRUCKS—Brookley Yunkin, Daytona Beach, Fla. '56 Chev. Pickup, 89,224; L. Merrill Brown, Daytona Beach, Fla. '56 Ford F 100 Truck, 81,808.

A PEELAWK OF MOOCHERS

Sir:

The height of the golden era of West Coast football, 1955, was also the year of my graduation from the University of Washington (81, Feb. 26). That the overgrown Husky football squad has turned into a row of mackintoshes with their bagging boots outstretched is a sickening spectacle. It may be true that a player "maintaining required proficiency in his studies should . . . be able to devote the hours he must spend on his so-called job to his studies" but academic proficiency hardly necessitates holiday trips for his sister, himself and his wife, free theater tickets and a car because he had a new baby. These are no less than handouts to a phalanx of moochers and I am ashamed of it and for them.

ALICE ROBERTS McRENE

Washington, D.C.

NEW FACE AT WASHINGTON STATE

Sir:

I am an old coach myself, and Jim Sutherland's wall of self-guilt ("I'm the fall guy in this thing. Any transgression of mine in this football situation was as unwitting, well-meaning thing") moved me—but in the wrong direction. I was moved to wonder what standards governed the authorities of Washington State College in hiring such a man as coach, and to speculate further on the reactions of the players' parents in the prospect of having their sons indoctrinated in the "charmer-building" techniques of Mr. Sutherland.

Maybe old Jim ("I was just trying an experiment") convinced them that a nascent infusion of the Sutherland technique was just what the boys needed.

MIRABELL, EUGENE

New Orleans

A WORD FROM THE SPONSOR

Sir:

I found your article on the mess at Washington extremely interesting. Mr. Torrance is the chairman of the regulation committee of the Pacific Northwest Association of the AAU. His signature appears on all AAU membership cards that have as their Amateur Athletic Code of Honor. This code includes the following statement, "... and that I will constantly strive to uphold the ethics of amateur sport."

You also failed to mention the fact that it was the Faculty Athletic Committee of the University of Washington that did most of the interviewing and made most of the findings and then reported to the Board of Regents.

GLADYS GARY HEDMAN

Westtown, Pa.

A FEW QUESTIONS

Sir:

It would be very interesting if Washington University officials would answer such questions as:

What percent of the student body not on athletic scholarship actually engages in varsity football? How many undergraduate scholarships are awarded by the athletic department as compared to the number given out by, say, the English, physics, history, engineering and chemistry departments? Do these departments also recruit high school students?

And there's an even better question proposed by Mr. Torchy Torrance of Seattle: "Do you want me to sit here and agree with you that we should let just anybody, the average student, take over the football and athletic situation at the university?"

And we gripe because Russian athletes are supposedly subsidized.

FRANK WELDON

Culdas, Texas

Only the few men specifically brought to college to play football and subsidized by athletic scholarships participate in the Washington football program, although theoretically any eligible student is welcome to give it a try. The remainder of the 14,500 student body, Mr. Torrance's "average students," is encouraged to furnish spontaneous enthusiasm in the cheering section and at rallies. The athletic department annually awards 75 scholarships, most of them to football and basketball players. All other university departments combined are allowed 399 scholarships with which, through the Division of High School Student Relations and Orientation, they seek to attract top high school scholars as university students.—ED.

OLYMPIC RUNNERS

Sir:

In Jimmy Jewell's Feb. 26 Horace, Cole G. Parker, president, National Association of Manufacturers, suggests that trap shooting should be included on the Olympic program, and asks if we could trust the Russians with guns in the Olympics.

I refer him to your excellent article on the World Championships in Caracas, Venezuela last year in which you reported on the Soviet efficiency (SI, Jan. 31, 1955).

Havville H. McManis, president, U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, suggests that tennis should be included and should be run by the people who govern it, not by the outsiders who know little about the game. It is my understanding that all sports in the Olympic Games are governed by the international sports governing bodies, while the International Olympic Committee lays down the rules of eligibility for the competitors. For example, the track and field events will be controlled by the International Amateur Athletic Federation. I have no idea of what happened in the 1924 Olympic Games nor do I know how long it has been since the associations have run their respective events in the Olympic Games.

FREDERICK N. A. ROWELL

Vancouver, B.C.

● Prior to 1908 the International Olympic Committee governed each Olympic event. From 1908 to 1924 the governing boards of the country sponsoring the games were the supervisors. Since then each sport is governed by an international federation. In 1924, the last time that tennis was an Olympic event, the international body was severely criticized for improper and inefficient management of the events. Vincent Richards and Helen Wills emerged as the gold medalists. However, if tennis were again to be included it would be run by an international body.—ED.

SOME CARD

Sir:

Harry Westman's 58 over a full-size golf course is a remarkable achievement. Can you print a copy of his score card, preferably with the lengths of the holes and par

by AJAY



© AJAY

for each. What did he get on the resulting five holes to go with the 10 birdies and three eagles?

As an editor but very poor golfer I am very much interested in his card.

JOHN C. CRISHAW JR.
Shreveport, La.

• Weetman, one of Britain's Ryder Cup golfers, played Croyham Hurst, his home course in Croydon, England. Like most English courses, Croyham Hurst uses the bogey system rather than the more demanding par concept. Only one round comparable to Harry Weetman's is officially known: in 1914 J. L. Black played the 6,000-yard Croyham, Calif. course in 58 strokes. Weetman's hole-by-hole record:

Hole	Yards	Bogey	Score
1	428	5	3
2	443	5	4
3	284	4	3
4	398	4	3
5	158	3	2
6	384	4	4
7	452	5	4
8	367	4	4
9	446	5	4
10	174	3	2
11	410	5	3
12	163	3	2
13	459	5	4
14	125	3	2
15	518	5	3
16	218	3	3
17	352	4	4
18	410	4	3
	6,071	74	58
			-ED.

BONAFIDE SUPREMACY

Sirs:

In Jimmy Jernai's Feb. 9th column a question was put to many and sundry fishermen about what they believed to be the most exciting fish to catch. Not one man-Us was made of the lovely bonefish.

Please be informed that for those in the know there is no fish quite like the bonefish. For pure fishing skill, utter excitement, strenuous exercise and pleasant diversion the bonefish runs supreme.

I have fished in many waters in many places and have caught many types of fish, including practically all of those that were mentioned in Jernai's column, so I speak with the authority of one who does not tell fish tales.

SIDNEY G. STRACKER JR.
New York

BARNIE OF THE EVERGLADES

Sir:

Congratulations to John O'Reilly on *Nature's Barnie* (31, Feb. 20), as well as the beautiful bird photographs by David Goodnow.

Barnie Parkes, the Everglades ranger, got broken in, if I am not mistaken, as that kind of work while serving as warden for our society before the Everglades National Park was established. I have had many delightful experiences in the Cape Sable-Shark River country with Barnie. John O'Reilly's characterization of him is wonderfully good.

continued on next page

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PAT ON THE BACK

CORNELIUS AYER WOOD

To Cornelius Ayer Wood, a retired textile executive of Andover, Mass. who has been sailing 40 of his 43 years, yachting has always been life sport. As a token of his great enthusiasm, Wood has made one of yachting's most generous gifts: two ocean-going racers to his alma mater, St. George's School in Newport, R.I. Wood presented the first of these boats, the 46-foot sloop *Serkanst*, to the school in 1963 after sailing her only a season. Then last January, Wood gave St. George's the 1954-55 southern circuit champion, *Root Men*, a 40-foot yawl, after owning her only a year. Wood, whose racing career dates back to five victories during Larchmont Race Week when he was 16, retired from active racing in 1952. "That means I'm not racing seriously, and you have to be serious to race," he explains. "That doesn't mean though, that if there were a little race being set up, I wouldn't get in it. I would."



WOOD DISPLAYS HULL MODEL HE DESIGNED FOR BOAT HE HOPES TO BUILD

YAWL, "ROOT MEN," WAS PRESENTED TO SCHOOL LAST JANUARY



WOOD'S FIRST PRESENT TO ST. GEORGE'S WAS THE SLOOP, "SERKANST"





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